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Poetry.

EQUAL AT LAST.

Out of the world the beggar-man went
To-night, when his quota of days was spent,
Friendless, with nobody left to love him,
Watched alone by the stars above him.
The life that at birth had welcomed and rest,
That was lulled to sleep on a mother's breast,
Alone, unconscious, gasped away
Its ebbing breath from a bed of hay.

Naught can curse or bless him,
Naught can joy or please,
Naught can curse or bless him,
Naught can soothe or tease.
No more sad or merry,
Done with tears and mirth;
Take the spade and bury
Him in mother earth!

Out of the world the rich man went
To-night, when his quota of days was spent,
Many a tear for him, many a moan,
Not one moment they left him alone.
Love and Gold around his head
Smoothed the folds of his silken bed;
But little recked he, and little he cared
As out of his body his spirit fared.

Naught can now distress him,
Naught can pain or please,
Naught can curse or bless him,
Naught can soothe or tease.
No more sad or merry,
Done with tears and mirth;
Take the spade and bury
Him in mother earth!

To-night, on the edge of the spirit land,
Two souls, outgoing, lonesome stand.
Neither has silk, and neither has hay,
And neither has even his body of clay.
Equal at last, and each alone.
And before them lies the vast unknown.
They stretch out hands until they meet,
And together pass on to the Judgment Seat.

Naught can now distress them,
Naught can joy or please,
Naught can curse or bless them,
Naught can soothe or tease.
No more sad or merry,
Done with tears and mirth;
Take the spade and bury
Them in mother earth!

—Blanche Nevin in The Independent.

A DELSARTEAN PLEA.

Dear Mr. Delsarte!
Since you've taught us that art
Must replace Mother Nature's injunctions
And teach us anew
What we really should do
With our various physical functions;

We beg you will add
To the lessons we've had
About walking and breathing and posing,
Other hints that will make
All our doings partake
Of a grace more perfection disclosing.

We'd be taught, if you please,
How to gracefully sneeze,
How to snore in symmetrical manner,
How to get out of bed,
How to drop when we tread
On the cuticle of a banana;

How to smell, how to wink,
How to chew, how to drink,
How sublimely to shake an ash-sifter;
How to step on a tack,
How to get in a hack,
How to toy with a heated stove-lifter;

How to hiccough with ease,
How to groan, how to wheeze,
How to spank a night-bawling relation;
In short, how to mend
The mistakes that our friend
Dame Nature mixed in our creation.

—Boston Courier.

THE OLD GRIND.

Sometimes I look upon the rich
With envy in my breast,
And think how pleasant it would be
To just "saw off" and rest—
To smoke cigars and loaf around,
While others worked away—
With plenty "salted down," of course,
For the future rainy day.

Oh, what a joy 'twould be to tell
The man who bosses me
That I was tired of his style—
To brace up and be free!
And in the lazy mornings, how
I'd like to lie abed,
And what a pleasure to get out
And be a thoroughbred!

Such thoughts I have sometimes but when
I'm ill and have to stay
Indoors a day or two, ah, then
My envy fades away!
I think of all the boys at work,
And know no peace of mind,
Until they let me out and I
Resume the good old grind!

—Cleveland Leader.

Miscellany.

AN OTTOMAN WRAP.

Neat Little Outdoor Garment of Silk With Trimming of Gold Passementerie.

They are making the neatest little spring wraps of ottoman silk, wraps that are neither coat nor cape, yet they combine the pretty points of both. The arm line is not destroyed, nor is the back made too snug.

The most fashionable of the wraps are cut loose front and back. The front has a

AN OTTOMAN WRAP

single box plait and the back a double one. The lining is of bright taffeta, the most brilliant violet velvet being the favorite.

As it is a trimming season these wraps owe their chief beauty to a very pretty tracery upon the front and back, most of it being on the back. A braiding of gold passementerie is sewed on in loop work to form a yoke and epaulettes; and again it is seen around the waist line.

These are very easily made at home, as they require only the shoulder measurement and the length of the waist. The braiding can be purchased already shaped, to be stitched on.

Exhausted Resources.

"What are you bothering your father about?" asked the boy's mother.

"I want him to tell me a story, and he says he doesn't know any."

"Perhaps he will make up one as he goes along."

"I asked him to. But he said he had been testifying before an investigating committee all day and it had used up all his material."—Washington Star.

ANOTHER OHIO IDEA.

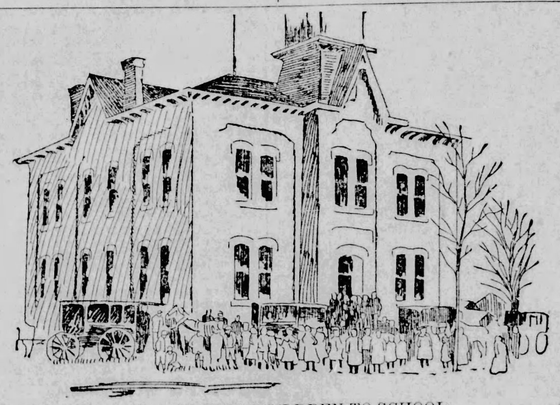
GRADED SCHOOLS A SUCCESS IN WESTERN RESERVE TOWNSHIPS.

Pupils Collected in Coaches for Three Miles on Every Side—Innovation a Success.

Another Ohio idea has been proved by experience to be successful. Up in the Western Reserve graded schools are maintained and pupils are brought in coaches, designed for the purpose. An Ashtabula correspondent of the Chicago Record says:

A new school system has sprung into existence in the northern part of the western reserve, which may lead to the extinction of the old district school in Ohio. The new plan is known as the "Kingsville system," driving its name from the town of Kingsville, in Ashtabula county, where it was first tried.

The Kingsville system gives to every purlieu in the township, no matter how remote his home may be, a graded school education. This is accomplished by means of coaches, which stop at the door of each house morning and evening, carrying the children to and from a graded school at the center of the township. The schools in each district of that township are thus abolished. Instead of the ill-heated, ill-ventilated small frame building, with low roof, the children enjoy the advantages of a large high-school building. So numerous are these small school-



BRINGING THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.

houses—for there is one in every district—that to see them entirely abandoned reminds one of the fate of the ancient log cabin, a few of which still stand in parts of the western reserve.

How Coaches Are Run.

Not only the disadvantage of bad ventilation and ill-heat of the old buildings is considered in making this radical change but also the great advantage of a graded school education. In the districts, as a rule, only inferior teachers could be employed for the salaries paid. These teachers were constantly changing from one school to another. No sooner would a teacher become acquainted with the studies, the pupils and their capabilities than a change would occur. One class must be heard in a room where perhaps five other classes would be studying. The problem how best to overcome these deficiencies in the country schools has long been undecided, and to the projectors of the new plan many congratulations are pouring in.

The coaches used for transportation are built according to certain instructions given by the board of education. They are made so that the sides, front and back can be opened in warm weather and closed in winter. The removable covering is made of rubber. The driver is also protected, while a window in the front curtain allows him to see out. The coaches vary in size, but the average seating capacity is for twenty-five children.

No coach comes from a greater distance than four miles. The driver must start in time to reach the central school before the hour of calling the morning session and must be on hand when school is out in the afternoon. They must stop at the home of each scholar in the district, but if the child is not ready the coach moves on and the pupil is marked tardy. This system has placed such a premium on punctuality that in three years past there has been but one case of tardiness from the outlying districts, while in the central district, where the children walk to school, there have been many cases during the same period.

Bids Entered for Conveyances.

It is a novel sight to see coaches drawn by teams of horses pull up in front of Kingsville's brick school building at a stated time each day and to see the little folks from the distant country jump from the conveyances to the large stone steps. Still more novel is it to hear the blasts of the fish-horn or the tone of a bell used by the driver to warn the pupils of the approach of the school hack.

At the beginning of each school year bids for carrying the children are received by the school board. Each driver owns his own coach. The lowest bidders get the contracts over many competitors. At an average cost not exceeding $1.05 a day the coaches and drivers have been engaged.

Five teachers are sufficient now, whereas in separate districts seven were employed. The cost of heating and maintaining four schoolhouses in outlying districts is also avoided. Thus the saving to taxpayers is by no means a small item in considering the plan. In three years it was found to save Kingsville township $1,000. The expense per capita was reduced from $22.75 to $12.25. More permanent improvements were made during those three years than had ever been made before.

Attendance is Greatly Augmented.

A major feature of the new system is the attendance record. Because of the manifold inconveniences of a district school, scores of parents preferred to keep their children at home. The "Kingsville system" meets with the hearty approval of all, and therefore gains of from 50 to 150 per cent in attendance are reported. The health of the pupils is a feature worth noting. Along Lake Erie, where hard colds are so prevalent, the plan of protecting children from the home to the school has resulted in a higher standard of health among them.

This system was first suggested by Prof. C. A. Corbin five years ago, at which time he was the principal of Kingsville high school. Later, Mr. Corbin's successor, Prof. F. E. Morrison, agitated the adoption of the system and worked to that end. A special act of the legislature was necessary to the adoption of the "Kingsville system." William S. Harris of this district presented the bill to the Ohio legislature, and after some delay it became a law.

Along the line of school reform the "Workman law" passed the Ohio legislature about the same time. This law abolished district school boards and provided for the organization of a township school board which should be composed of a representative from each district. After the organization of the Kingsville township had the members, with perhaps two exceptions, favored the plan of centralizing the schools. It was decided that each district petitioning the township board for admittance to the graded school should be admitted. Each member of the board circulated a petition in his respective district, and every district save one voted to adopt the new plan. The one which refused is known as a special school district.

Other Townships Falling in Line.

Distinguished men have visited the schools from time to time, and have expressed themselves as highly pleased with the results. Within the last year schools in many parts of the Western Reserve have adopted or have considered the Kingsville system.

Powers of Imagination.

Grace—Dora is making the most desperate effort to get her waist down I ever saw.

Carmelita—Is she?

Grace—Yes. Only think! She has ordered a new pair of corsets made of boa-constructor skin.—New York Press.

The New Woman.

"Wouldn't you feel helpless, Emeline, if you heard the wolf at your door?"

"Not much. I'd pull him in by the ears and make a lovely rug out of him."—Detroit Free Press.

ADVENTURE OF A $500 ROLL.

Up Against Fifty Cents for a Whole Evening Without Knowing It.

The sporting man stood at the bar toying idly with the dice box.

"Funny thing, Joe," he remarked to the bartender, "how little saloon gambling there is nowadays. Now, there was a time, only a few years ago, when you couldn't go into a saloon up this way without hearing the rattle of the dice box."

A plainly dressed young man came in and ordered a drink of whisky, says the New York Sun. He gave it a dash of absinthe, tossed it off at one gulp, threw fifteen cents on the bar, and glanced over at the sporting man.

"Shake?" said the latter.

"One or two to kill time," said the stranger.

The sporting man tossed a half dollar on the bar. The stranger did likewise, the dice rolled out and the stranger won. He won the second and third time, then lost twice and won once more.

"Lucky start," remarked the sporting man. "Have something?"

"Nothing for me, thanks."

The sporting man drank a hot Scotch, and the game went on. Half an hour passed away and the sport was $10 behind the game.

"Make it a dollar and one shake," he suggested.

"I never change my game," said the stranger.

"Very well," said the sporting man, good naturedly. "It's a little faster, that's all."

"This is fast enough for me."

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

The sporting man drank another hot Scotch, and the game went on. The luck was against him, and his losses grew with every shake. Once in a while he'd make a spurt and win three or four straight pots. Then the stranger would win half a dozen to make up for it. Two hours had passed and the sporting man was $40 in the hole. He grew excited.

"I'll shake you for $80 or quits," he said, hauling out a roll as big around as his leg.

"I never change my game," said the other quietly.

In another half hour the stranger was $50 ahead, and the sporting man was very nervous.

"Friend, will you oblige me by having a drink?" he said.

"I really don't care to drink," said the stranger, and the sport drank his Scotch alone once more.

Then there was a turn in the luck. Ten dollars went back to the sporting man in less than fifteen minutes. Ten more followed it, and the sport's brow cleared. The stranger never turned a hair. Gradually the half dollars went back to their original owner, and finally after three hours of play the men were just where they started.

"Now have a drink?" said the sporting man, with a sigh of relief.

"No, thanks," said the stranger, tossing a half dollar on the bar and picking up the box. "Let's shake."

In three throws he rolled out three deuces. The sporting man threw four trays and hauled in the money.

"Thank you," remarked the stranger, "for a pleasant evening."

"You're not going to quit?" said the sporting man in amazement.

"Can't do anything else. Only started with a half dollar. I couldn't drink with you without asking you to drink, and I couldn't do that without using money which I meant to give you a chance to win back. Good day," and he walked out of the saloon.

"Well, I'm blanked," said the sport to the bartender. "To think I had a roll of $500 up against fifty cents. Great Scott! If the luck hadn't changed he might have had the whole roll and I never had a chance to get more than that half dollar. Give me another Scotch," and, looking very pale, the sport drank up his liquor, buttoned his coat, and went out.

HORROR-STRICKEN.

He Did Not Know How Bad It Might Be.

He had shut the door with a slam as he emerged from his home and those who passed noticed that his face was very red, his necktie awry and that he was chewing his mustache briskly, says the Washington Star. He purchased the paper which the newsboy shoved at him and when he was seated in the street car began to read. An item on one of the inner pages arrested his attention and he became visibly excited. He gave a quick glance out of the window and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was at the residence, near by, of a member of Congress.

"Look here," said the caller when the statesman appeared, "in the interests of humanity you've got to do something. You must thrust aside self-interest and personal prejudice and let your higher nature assert itself. You've simply got to head it off."

"Head what off?" inquired the congressman.

"The war in Europe."

"Why, I have nothing to do with that."

"You must have something to do with it. It's a vital necessity!"

"It seems to me that you have changed your mind a great deal."

"About what?"

"The European situation. You said the other day that war is an inevitable incident of human progress. You even expressed some doubts as to whether civilization would ever reach a point where war might not occur."

"I know that. But what I had reference to was war; simple, ordinary war. I hadn't realized until I read this paper that most of the monarchs of Europe are relations."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. As I said, I can stand war; but if this European crisis is going to develop a family quarrel it's time for some broad-minded man to fling himself into the breach and circulate petitions and get up a general protest."

An Astute Jurist.

The Judge, addressing himself to a witness of the female persuasion who is visibly afflicted with at least 40 years:

"Mademoiselle, your age, if you please."

(After a long and interesting hesitation)—"Twenty-four, your Honor."

(To the clerk)—"You may now administer the oath."

She takes the oath.

"And now, Mademoiselle, remember that you must tell the truth."—L'Illustre de Poche.

The Young Lawyer.

"Smith—"Is young Flyingwedge practicing law?"

Williams—"I think not. He is called to the bar, but I think he is practicing economy."—Illustrated Bits.

Her Justification.

"But why do you encourage him if you never intend to marry him?"

"Mercy! I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to tell him I can't marry him before he asks me."—Philadelphia North American.

CONSISTENCY.

There is always something touching in the resignation shown
When men bear their country's burdens all forgetful of their own.
It seems a little less than martyrdom—the way that they explain
That, though the salary is small, they are not here for gain.
There isn't any doubting that a man is truly great
When he'll slight his private business to accept a place of state.

Let not the scoffer dare his light, disdainful voice to raise.
That patriot never falters in self-sacrificing ways,
And as the weary years pass on you'll find him ready still
To give the nation's service all his energy and skill.
He claims no reciprocity. He very seldom cares
To slight a public office for his personal affairs.

—Washington Star.

CALLED HIM DOWN HARD.

But She Crowned the Joke on the Joker by Wedding Him Later.

"When a young and callow freshman I used to try all kinds of fool experiments," said the usually staid professor to the Detroit Free Press. "The inspiration to these outbreaks of lunacy was in the surroundings. I would fall in a fit just to see some of the old people scamper about and look frightened. Among strangers I would sometimes pretend to be dumb, sometimes deaf, and on occasions assume both of these difficult roles. Tom Hilter always used to help me when he was available.

"One day when we were on our way to college a bevy of pretty, laughing girls took the train at a village station and fluttered into our car. I winked at Tom and the farce began. After we had murdered the sign language of the mutes in a few meaningless finger gestures and facial contortions, Tom left for the smoker, for he never could control his risibles.

"'What a pity,' said one of the girls.

"'It is hard,' chirped up the prettiest of the lot, 'to be deaf and dumb and in addition to being so morbid homely. Note the size of that mouth, girls, the slope of that forehead, the failure to mate in those eyes and the hump on that nose that is 'Roman'—all over his face.'

"I came mighty near having a natural fit, for I was a fairly good-looking boy, and proud of it. Some of the other young ladies undertook my defense, but my defamer rode rough shod over them all. I was sallow, shallow, narrow and criminally disposed. If my picture did not some time adorn a rogue's gallery, justice would be cheated. And that young fellow who had gone out was no better. I invented a case of nose bleed and fled.

"It was Tom's sister, who had been visiting friends, and he put up the job. I got even with her, for she's my wife.

LADY, YOUR HAT PIN!

Clever Device for Keeping This Valuable Bit of Jewelry From Getting Lost.

Now that hat-pins are selling for $1.000 downward, the minds of inventive geniuses are turning toward a pin that will stay in the hat, past all danger of falling out. Recently there was patented a split pin that was provided with a little spring which worked by pressure.

A very nice hat-pin, with a head of amber,

FOR HOLDING A HAT-PIN.

had an amber fastener accompanying it and fastened by a gold chain. The "fastener" was stuck in the hat, so that to lose the hat-pin you must lose the hat also.

A very ultra little piece of jewelry is a band of pearls connected with the hat-pin by a gold chain. The pearl band is used as a brooch or as a pin upon the breast. The gold chain dangles from the hat-pin, and makes a pretty bit of finery for the woman who likes "fixings." The band may match the hat-pin and be of any jewels or plain gold.

Any device is good so long as it holds the pin, and when you reflect that every year there are hundreds of dollars lost in hat-pins, the economy of a little fastener is easily computed.

A Moral Crisis.

"Honesty," said Senator Sorghum, is the best policy very frequently."

"You have—er—you have tested that maxim, have you?"

"Yes, sir; I may say that it laid the foundation for my subsequent career. The first time I ran for office I was approached by an active worker in practical politics. He asked me whether I would refuse to run if a certain course of procedure were adopted, and whether I would go back on them in case things should turn out wrong."

"And then you remembered that honesty is the best policy."

"Yes. I searched my inner consciousness, and then, looking him full in the eye, told him the truth. I said that I would not refuse."—Washington Star.

High Handed.

"I don't like a friend to domineer over me," said the young man with the patient disposition.

"Who has been doing that?"

"My room-mate. He borrowed my evening clothes."

"That's a good deal of liberty."

"I didn't mind it. But when he asked for my umbrella I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."

"How?"

"He simply stood on his dignity and said: 'All right; have it your own way. They're your clothes that I'm trying to keep from getting spoiled, not mine.'"—Washington Star.

Why He Thanked Shilark.

"Old Shilark says he is the man who started you on the road to fortune."

"The old villain tells the truth. All I had when I was a young man was a fifty-acre farm and he cheated me out of that. Then I had to come to town to get something to do and got into business and got rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Unkindest Cut of All.

Mudge—I think a woman on a bicycle is one of the ugliest sights there is.

Yabsley—She isn't half as disgusting a spectacle as a fellow on a tandem with your own best girl.—Indianapolis Journal.

Our Serial Story.

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THREE PARTNERS;

OR,

The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

BY BRET HARTE.

PROLOGUE.

The sun was going down on the Black Spur Range. The red light it had kindled there was still eating its way along the serried crest, showing through gaps in the ranks of pines, etching out the interstices of broken boughs, fading away and then flashing suddenly out again like sparks in burnt-up paper. Then the night wind swept down the whole mountain side, and began its usual struggle with the shadows up-climbing from the valley, only to lose itself in the end and be absorbed in the all-conquering darkness. Yet for some time the pines on the long slope of Heavy Tree Hill murmured and protested with swaying arms; but as the shadows stole upward, and cabin after cabin and tunnel after tunnel were swallowed up, a complete silence followed. Only the sky remained visible—a vast concave mirror of dull steel, in which the stars did not seem to be set, but only reflected.

A single cabin door on the crest of Heavy Tree Hill had remained open to the wind and darkness. Then it was slowly shut by an invisible figure—afterward revealed by the embers of the fire it was stirring. At first only this figure brooding over the hearth was shown, but as the flames leaped up two other figures could be seen sitting motionless before it. When the door was shut they acknowledged that interruption by slightly changing their position. The one who had risen to shut the door sank back into an invisible seat, but the attitude of each man was one of profound reflection or reserve, and apparently upon some common subject, which made them respect each other's silence. However, this was at last broken by a laugh. It was a boyish laugh, and came from the youngest of the party. The two others turned their profiles and glanced inquiringly toward him, but did not speak.

"I was thinking," he began in apologetic explanation, "how mighty queer it was that while we were working like niggers on grub wages, without the ghost of a chance of making a strike, how we used to sit here, night after night, and flapdoodle and speculate about what we'd do if we ever did make one; and now, Great Scott! that we have made it, and are just wallowing in gold, here we are sitting as glum and silent as if we'd had a wash out! Why, Lord! I remember one night—not so long ago, either—that you two quarrelled over the swell hotel you were going to stop at in 'Frisco, and whether you wouldn't strike straight out for London and Rome and Paris, or go away to Japan and China and round by India and the Red Sea."

"No, we didn't quarrel over it," said one of the figures, gently; "there was only a little discussion."

"Yes, but you did, though," returned the young fellow, mischievously, "and you told Stacy, there, that we'd better learn something of the world before we tried to buy it or even hire it, and that it was just as well to get the hayseed out of our hair and the slumgullion off our boots before we mixed in polite society."

"Well, I don't see what's the matter with that sentiment now," returned the second speaker, good humoredly; "only," he added, gravely, "we didn't quarrel—God forbid!"

There was something in the speaker's tone which seemed to touch a common chord in their natures, and this was voiced by Barker with sudden and almost pathetic earnestness. "I tell you what, boys, we ought to swear here to-night to always stand by each other—in luck and out of it! We ought to hold ourselves always at each other's call. We ought to have a kind of password or signal, you know, by which we could summon each other at any time from any quarter of the globe!"

"Come off the roof, Barker," murmured Stacy, without lifting his eyes from the fire. But Demorest smiled and glanced tolerantly at the younger man.

"Yes, but look here, Stacy," continued Barker, "comrades like us, in the old days, used to do that in times of trouble and adventures. Why shouldn't we do it in our luck?"

"There's a good deal in that, Barker boy," said Demorest, "though as a general thing, passwords butter no parsnips, and the ordinary, everyday single yelp from a wolf brings a whole pack together for business about as quick as a password. But you cling to that sentiment and put it away with your gold dust in your belt."

"What I like about Barker is his commodiousness," said Stacy. "Here he is, the only man among us that has his future fixed, and his pre-emption lines laid out and registered. He's already got a girl that he's going to marry and settle down with on the strength of his luck. And I'd like to know what Kitty Carter, when she's Mrs. Barker, would say to her husband being signalled for from Asia to Africa. I don't seem to see her tumbling to any password. And when he and she go into a new partnership—I reckon she'll let the old one slide."

"That's just where you're wrong!" said Barker, with quickly rising colors. "She's the sweetest girl in the world, and she'd be sure to understand our feelings. Why, she thinks everything of you two; she was just eager for you to get this claim, which has put us where we are, when I held back, and if it hadn't been for her, by Jove! we wouldn't have had it."

"That was only because she cared for you," returned Stacy, with a half yawn, "and now that you've got your share she isn't going to take a breathless interest in us. And, by the way, I'd rather you'd remind us that we owe our luck to her than that she should ever remind you of it."

"What do you mean?" said Barker quickly. But Demorest here rose lazily, and, throwing a gigantic shadow in the wall, stood between the two with his back to the fire. "He means," he said slowly, "that you're talking rot, and so is he. However, as yours comes from the heart and his from the head, I prefer yours. But you're both making me tired. Let's have a fresh deal."

"Nobody ever dreamed of contradicting Demorest. Nevertheless, Barker persisted eagerly: "But isn't it better for us to look at this cheerfully and happily all around? There's nothing criminal in our having made a strike! It seems to me, for, that of all ways of making money it's the squarest and most level; nobody is the poorer for it; our luck brings no misfortune to others. The gold was put there ages ago, for anybody to find; we found it. It hasn't been tarnished by man's touch before. I don't know how it strikes you, boys, but it seems to me that of all the gifts that are going it is the straightest. For whether we deserve it or not, it comes to us first-hand—from God!"

The two men glanced quickly at the speaker, whose face flushed and then smiled embarrassedly as if ashamed of the enthusiasm into which he had been betrayed. But Demorest did not smile, and Stacy's eyes shone in the firelight as he said languidly: "I never heard that prospecting was a religious occupation before. But I shouldn't wonder if you're right, Barker boy. So let's liquor up."

Nevertheless he did not move, nor did the others. The fire leaped higher, bringing out the rude rafters and sternly economic details of the rough cabin, and

"ORDER, GENTLEMEN! WE'LL DRINK SUCCESS TO—TO—"

making the occupants in their seats before the fire look gigantic by contrast.

"Who shut the door?" said Demorest, after a pause.

"I did," said Barker. "I reckoned it was getting cold."

"Better open it again, now that the fire's blazing. It will light the way if any of the men from below want to drop in this evening."

Stacy stared at his companion. "I thought that it was understood that we were giving them that dinner at Boonville to-morrow night, so that we might have the last evening here by ourselves in peace and quietness."

"Yes, but if one did want to come it would seem churlish to shut him out," said Demorest.

"I reckon you're feeling very much as I am," said Stacy; "that this good fortune is rather crowding to us three alone. For myself I know," he continued, with a backward glance toward a blanketed covered pile in the corner of the cabin, "that I feel kinder oppressed by—by—its specific gravity. I kalkilate—and sorter crampy and twitchy in the legs, as if I ought to lite out and do something, and yet it holds me here. All the same, I doubt if anybody will come up—except from curiosity. Our luck has made them rather sorry down the hill, for all they're coming to the dinner tomorrow."

"That's only human nature," said Demorest.

"But," said Barker eagerly, "what does it mean? Why, only this afternoon, when I was passing the 'Old Kentuck' tunnel, where those Marshalls have been grubbing along for four years without making a single strike, I felt ashamed to look at them; and as they barely nodded to me, I slinked by as if I had done them an injury. I don't understand it."

"It somehow does not seem to square with this 'Gift o' God' idea of yours, does it?" said Stacy. "But we'll open the door and give them a show."

As he did so, it seemed as if the night were their only guest, and had been waiting on the threshold to now enter bodily and pervade all things with its presence. With that cool, fragrant inflow of air they breathed freely. The red edge had gone from Black Spur, but it was even more clearly defined against the sky in its towering blackness. The sky itself had grown lighter, although the stars still seemed mere reflections of the solitary pin-points of light scattered along the concave valley below. Mingling with the cooler, restful air of the summit, yet penetratingly distant from it, arose the stimulating breath of the pines below, still hot and panting from the daylong sun. The silence was intense. The far-off barking of a dog on the invisible river bar nearly a mile beneath them came to them like a sound in a dream. They had risen, and standing in the doorway, by common consent turned their faces to the east.

It was the frequent attitude of the home-remembering miner, and it gave him the crowning glory of the view. For, beyond the pine-bearsed summits, rarely seen except against the evening sky, lay a thin white cloud like a dropped portion of the milky way. Faint with an indescribable pallor, remote yet distinct enough to assert itself above and beyond all surrounding objects, it was always there. It was the snow line of the Sierras.

They turned away, and silently reseated themselves—the same thought in the minds of each. Here was something they could not take away—something to be left forever and irretrievably behind—left with the healthy life they had been leading, the cheerful endeavor, the undying hopefulness which it had fostered and blessed. Was what they were taking away worth it? And oddly enough, frank and outspoken as they had always been to each other, that common thought remained unuttered! Even Barker was silent; perhaps he was also thinking of Kitty!

Suddenly two figures appeared in the very doorway of the cabin. The effect was startling upon the partners, who had only just reseated themselves, and for a moment they had forgotten that the narrow band of light which shot forth from the open door rendered the darkness on either side of it more impenetrable, and that out of this darkness, although themselves guided by the light, the figures had just emerged. Yet one was familiar enough. It was the Hill drunkard, Dick Hall, or, as he was called "Whisky Dick," or indicated still more succinctly by the Hill humorists "Alkey Hall."

Everybody had seen the sodden, puffy, but good-humored face; everybody had felt the fiery exhalations of that enormous red beard, which always seemed to be kept in a state of moist, unkempt luxuriance by liquor; everybody knew the absurd dignity of manner and attempted precision of statement with which he was wont to disguise his frequent excesses. Very few, however, knew, or cared to know, the pathetic weariness and chilling horror that sometimes looked out of those bloodshot eyes.

He was evidently equally unprepared for the three silent figures before the door and for a moment looked at them blankly with the doubts of a frequently deceived perception. Was he sure that they were quite real? He had not dared to look at his companion for verification, but smiled vaguely.

"Good evening," said Demorest pleasantly.

Whiskey Dick's face brightened. "Good evenin', good evenin' yourselves, boys—and see how you like it! Lemme interdrush my ole frien' William J. Steptoe, of Red Gulch. Stepsho—Steptoe—is shtry—ish stay——" He stopped, hiccoughed, waved his hand gravely, and with an air of reproachful dignity concluded: "sojourning for the present on the bar. We wish to offer our congrashulashen and felish—felish——" he paused again and, leaning against the doorpost, added severely, "tiations."

His companion, however, laughed coarsely, and, pushing past Dick, entered the cabin. He was a short, powerful man, with a closely cropped crust of beard and hair that seemed to adhere to his round head like moss or lichen. He cast a glance—furtive rather than curious—around the cabin, and said, with a familiarity that had not even good humor to excuse it, "So you're the gay caloots who've made the big strike? Thought I'd meander up the hill with this old bloat Alky, and drop in to see the show. And here you are feeling your oats, eh? And not caring any particular G—d d—n if school keeps or not."

"Show Mr. Steptoe—the whiskey," said Demorest to Stacy. Then quietly addressing Dick, but ignoring Steptoe as completely as Steptoe had ignored his unfortunate companion, he said: "You quite startled me at first. We did not see you come up the trail."

"No. We came up the back trail to please Steptoe, who wanted to see around the cabin," said Dick, glancing nervously at Stacy, and affecting indifference toward the whiskey which Stacy was offering to the stranger.

"What yer gettin' off there?" said Steptoe, facing Dick almost brutally. "You know your tangled legs wouldn't take you straight up the trail, and you had to make a circumbendibus. Gosh! if you hadn't scented this licker at the top you'd have never found it."

"No matter! I'm glad you did find it, Dick," said Demorest, "and I hope you'll find the liquor good enough to pay you for the trouble." Barker stared at Demorest. This extraordinary tolerance of the drunkard was something new in his partner. But at a glance from Demorest he led Dick to the demijohn and tin cup which stood on a table in the corner. And in another moment Dick had forgotten his companion's rudeness.

Demorest remained by the door, looking out into the darkness. "Well," said Steptoe, putting down his emptied cup, turning to Stacy he said abruptly: "But where's the rest of it? You've got more than that."

"We sent it to Boonville this morning. You see we've sold out our claim to a company who take it up to-morrow and put up a mill and stamps. In fact it's under their charge now. They've got a gang of men on the claim already."

"And what mout ye hev got for it, if it's a fair question?" said Steptoe with a forced smile.

Stacy smiled also. "I don't know that it's a business question," he said.

"Five hundred thousand dollars," said Demorest abruptly from the doorway, "and a treble interest."

The eyes of the two men met. There was no mistaking the dull fire of envy in Steptoe's glance, but Demorest received it with a certain cold curiosity, and turned away as the sound of arriving voices came from without.

"Five hundred thousand's a big figger," said Steptoe with a coarse laugh, "and I don't wonder it makes you feel so d——sassy. But it was a fair question."

Unfortunately it here occurred to the whiskey-stimulated brain of Dick that the friend he had introduced was being treated with scant courtesy, and he forgot his own treatment by Steptoe. Leaning against the wall, he waved a dignified rebuke. "I'm sashified my ole frien' is akshuated by only businesh principles." He paused, recollected himself and added with great precision: "When I say he himself has a vauable claim in Red Gulch and to my shertain knowledge has received offers—I have said enough."

The laugh that broke from Stacy and Barker, to whom the infelix reputation of Red Gulch was notorious, did not allay Steptoe's irritation. He darted a vindictive glance at the unfortunate Dick, but joined in the laugh. "And what was ye goin' to do with that?" he said, pointing to the treasure.

"Oh, were's taking that with us. There's a chunk for each of us as a memento. We cast lots for the choice and Demorest won. That one, which you couldn't lift with one hand, you know," said Stacy.

"Oh, couldn't I? I reckon you ain't goin' to give me the same chance that they did at the mint, eh?"

Although this remark was accompanied with his usual coarse, familiar laugh, there was a look in his eyes so inconsequent in its unfathomableness that Stacy would have made some reply, but at this moment Demorest reentered the cabin, ushering in a half dozen miners from the Bar below. They were, although youngish men, some of the older locators in the vicinity, yet, through years of seclusion and uneventful labors, they had acquired a certain childish simplicity of thought and manner that was alternately amusing and pathetic. They had been astounded upon the reserve of the three partners of Heavy Tree Hill before. Nothing but an infantine curiosity, a shy recognition of the partners' courtesy in inviting them with the whole population of "Heavy Tree" to the dinner next day, and the "free liquor," and forgetfulness of the past had brought them there now. Among them, and yet not one of them, was a young man, who, although speaking English without accent, was distinctly of a different nationality and race. This, with a certain neatness of dress and artificial suavity of address, gained him the nickname of "the Count" and "Frenchy," although he was really of Flemish extraction. He was the Union Ditch Company's agent on the Bar by virtue of his knowledge of languages.

Barker uttered an explanation of pleasure when he saw him. Himself the incarnation of naturalness, he had always secretly admired this young foreigner, with his lacquered smoothness, although a vague consciousness that neither Stacy nor Demorest shared his feelings had restricted their acquaintance. Nevertheless he was proud to see the bow with which Paul de la Loo entered the cabin as if it was a drawing room, and perhaps did not reflect upon the want of real feeling in an act which made the others uncomfortable.

The slight awkwardness their entrance produced, however, was quickly forgotten when the blanket was again lifted from the pan of treasure. Singularly enough, too, the same feverish light came into the eyes of each as they all gathered around this yellow shrine. Even the polite Paul crudely elbowed his way between the others, though his artificial "pardon" seemed to Barker to condone the act of brutal instinct. But it was more instructive to observe the manner

IT WAS AN OLD DREAM.

in which the older locators received this confirmation of the fickle fortune that had overlooked their weary labors and years of waiting to lavish her favors on the new and inexperienced amateurs. Yet, as they turned their dazzled eyes upon the three partners there was no envy or malice in their depths, no reproach on their lips, no insincerity in their wondering satisfaction. Rather there was a touching, almost childlike resumption of hope as they gazed at this conclusive evidence of Nature's bounty. The gold had been there—they had only missed it! And if there, more could be found! Was it not a proof of the richness of Heavy Tree Hill? So strongly was this reflected on their faces that a casual observer, contrasting them with the thoughtful countenances of the real owners, would have thought them the lucky ones. It touched Barker's quick sympathies, it puzzled Stacy, it made Demorest more serious, it aroused Steptoe's active contempt. Whisky Dick alone remained stolid and impassive in a desperate attempt to pull himself once more together. Eventually he succeeded, even to the ambitious achievement of mounting a chair and lifting his tin cup with a dangerously unsteady hand, which did not, however, affect his precision of utterance, and said:

"Order, gentlemen! We'll drink success to—to—Heavy Tree Hill!"

"The next strike!" said Barker, leaping impetuously on another chair and beaming upon the old locators, "and may it come to those who have so long deserved it!"

His sincere and generous enthusiasm seemed to break the spell of silence that had fallen upon them. Other toasts quickly followed. In the general good feeling Barker attached himself to Van Loo with his usual boyish effusion, and in a burst of confidence imparted the secret of his engagement to Kitty Carter. Van Loo listened with polite attention, formal congratulations, but inscrutable eyes, that occasionally wandered to Stacy and again to the treasure. A slight chill of disappointment came over Barker's quick sensitiveness. Perhaps his enthusiasm had bored this superior man of the world. Perhaps his confidences were in bad taste! With a new sense of his inexperience he had turned sadly away. Van Loo too that opportunity to approach Stacy.

"What's all this I hear of Barker being engaged to Miss Carter?" he said, with a faintly superior smile. "Is it really true?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't it be?" returned Stacy bluntly.

Van Loo was instantly deprecating and smiling. "Why, not, of course? But isn't it sudden?"

"They have known each other ever since he's been on Heavy Tree Hill," responded Stacy.

"Ah, yes! True," said Van Loo. "But now—"

"Well—he's got money enough to marry, and he's going to marry."

"Rather young, isn't he?" said Van Loo, still deprecatingly. "And she's got nothing. Used to wait on the table at her father's hotel in Boomville, didn't she?"

"Yes. What of that? We all know it."

"Of course. It's an excellent thing for her—and her father. He'll have a rich son-in-law. About two hundred thousand is his share, isn't it? I suppose old Carter is delighted?"

Stacy had thought this before, but did not care to have it corroborated by this superfine young foreigner. "And I don't reckon that Barker is offended if he is,' he said curtly as he turned away. Nevertheless, he felt irritated that one of the three superior partners of Heavy Tree Hill should be thought a dupe.

Suddenly the conversation dropped, the laughter ceased. Every one turned round, and, by a common instinct, looked toward the door. From the obscurity of the hill slope below came a wonderful tenor voice, modulated by distance and spiritualized by the darkness:

> When at some future day
> I shall be far away,
> Though will be weeping,
> Thy lone one watch keeping.

The men looked at one another. "That's Jack Hamlin," they said. "What's he doing here?"

"The wolves are gathering around fresh meat," said Steptoe, with his coarse laugh and a glance at the treasure. "Didn't ye know he came over from Red Dog yesterday?"

"Well, give Jack a fair show and his own game," said one of the old locators, "and he'd clean out that pile afore sunrise."

"And lose it next day," added another.

"But never turn a hair or change a muscle in either case," said a third. "Lord! I've heard him sing away just like that when he's been leaving the board with five thousand dollars in his pocket, or going away stripped of his last red cent."

Van Loo,who had been listening with a peculiar smile, here said in his most deprecating manner: "Yes, but did you never consider the influence that such a man has on the hard-working tunnel men, who are ready to gamble their whole week's earnings to him. Perhaps not. But I know the difficulties of getting the Ditch rates from these men when he has been in camp."

He glanced around him with some importance, but only a laugh followed his speech. "Come Frenchy," said an old locator, "you only say that because your little brother wanted to play with Jack like a grown man, and when Jack ordered him off the board and he became sassy, Jack scooted him outer the saloon.

Van Loo's face reddened with anger that had the apparent effect of removing every trace of his former polished repose, and leaving only a hard outline beneath. At which Demorest interfered:

"I can't say that I see much difference in gambling by putting money into a hole in the ground and expecting to take more from it than by putting it on a card for the same purpose."

Here the ravishing tenor voice, which had been approaching, ceased, and was succeeded by a heart-breaking and equally melodious whistling to finish the bar of the singer's song. And the next moment Jack Hamlin appeared in the doorway.

Whatever was his present financial condition, Mr. Jack Hamlin, in perfect self-possession and charming sangfroid, fully bore out his previous description. He was as clean and refreshing looking as a Madrona tree in the dust-blown forest. An odor of scented soap and freshly ironed linen was wafted from him; there was scarcely a crease in his white waistcoat, nor a speck upon his varnished shoes. He might have been an auditor of the previous conversation, so quickly and completely did he seem to take in the whole situation at a glance. Perhaps there was an extra tilt in his black-ribboned Panama hat, and a certain dancing devilry in his brown eyes—which might also have been an answer to adverse criticism.

"When I, his truth to prove, would trifle with my love," he warbled in gentle continuance from the doorway. Then dropping cheerfully into speech, he added, "Well, boys, I am here to welcome the little stranger, and to trust that the family are doing as well as can be expected. Ah! there it is! Bless it!" He went on, walking leisurely to the treasure. "Triplets, too!—and plump at that. Have you had 'em weighed?"

Plainness was an essential quality of Heavy Tree Hill. "We were just saying, Jack," said an old locator, "that giving you a fair show and your own game, you could manage to get away with that pile before daybreak."

"And I'm just thinking," said Jack cheerfully, "that there were some of you here that could do that without any such useless preliminary." His brown eyes rested for a moment on Steptoe, but turning quite abruptly to Van Loo, he held out his hand. Startled and embarrassed before the others, the young man at last advanced his, when Jack coolly put his own, as if forgetfully, in his pocket. "I thought you might like to know what that little brother of yours is doing," he said to Van Loo, yet looking at Steptoe. "I found him wandering about the hill here quite drunk."

"I have repeatedly warned him—" began Van Loo, reddening.

"Against bad company, I know," suggested Jack gayly; "yet in spite of all that, I think he owes some of his liquor to Steptoe yonder."

"I never supposed the fool would get drunk over a glass of whisky offered in fun," said Steptoe harshly, yet evidently quite as much disconcerted as angry.

"The trouble with Steptoe," said Hamlin, thoughtfully spanning his slim waist with both hands as he looked down at his polished shoes, "is that he has such a soft-hearted liking for all weaknesses. Always wanting to protect chaps that can't look after themselves, whether it's Whisky Dick there, when he has a pull on, or some nigger when he's made a little strike, or that straying lamb of Van Loo's when he's puppy drunk. But you're wrong about me, boys. You can't draw me in any game to-night. This is one of my nights off, which I devote exclusively to contemplation and song. But," he added, suddenly turning to his three hosts with a bewildering and fascinating change of expression, "I couldn't resist coming up here to see you and your pile, even if I never saw the one or the other before, and am not likely to see either again. I believe in luck! And it comes a mighty sight oftener than a fellow thinks it does. But it doesn't come to stay. So I'd advise you to keep your eyes skinned and hang on to it while it's with you like grim death. So long!"

Resisting all attempts of his hosts—who had apparently fallen as suddenly and unaccountably under the magic of his manner—to detain him longer, he stepped lightly away, his voice presently rising again in melody as he descended the hill. Nor was it at all remarkable that the others, apparently drawn by the same inevitable magnetism, were impelled to follow him, naturally joining their voices with his, leaving Steptoe and Van Loo so markedly behind them alone that they were compelled at last in sheer embarrassment to close up the rear of the procession. In another moment the cabin and the three partners again relapsed into the peace and quiet of the night. With the dying away of the last voices on the hillside the old solitude reasserted itself.

But since the irruption of the strangers they had lost their former sluggish contemplation, and now busied themselves in preparation for their early departure from the cabin the next morning. They had arranged to spend the following day and night at Boomville and Carter's hotel, where they were to give their farewell dinner to Heavy Tree Hill. They talked but little together; since the rebuff their enthusiastic confidences had received from Van Loo, Barker had been grave and thoughtful, and Stacy, with the irritating recollection of Van Loo's criticisms in his mind, had refrained from his usual rallying of Barker. Oddly enough, they spoke chiefly of Jack Hamlin—till then personally a stranger to them, on account of his infelix reputation—and even the critical Demorest expressed a wish that they had known him before. "But you never know the real value of anything until you're quittin' it, or it's quittin' you," he added sententiously.

Barker and Stack both stared at their companion. It was unlike Demorest to regret anything—particularly a mere social diversion.

"They say," remarked Stacy, "that if you had known Jack Hamlin earlier and professionally, a great deal of real value would have quitted you before he did."

"Don't repeat that rot flung out by men who have played Jack's game and lost," returned Demorest derisively. "I'd rather trust him than——" He stopped, glanced at the meditative Barker, and then concluded abruptly, "the whole caboodle of his critics."

They were silent for a few moments, and then seemed to have fallen into their former dreamy mood as they relapsed into their old seats again. At last Stacy drew a long breath. "I wish we had sent those nuggets off with the others this morning."

"Why?" said Demorest suddenly.

"Why? Well, d—n it all! they kind o' oppress me, don't you see. I seem to feel 'em here, on my chest—all the three," returned Stacy only half jocularly. "It's their d—d specific gravity, I suppose. I don't like the idea of sleeping in the same room with 'em. They're altogether too much for us three men to be let alone with."

"You don't mean that you think that anybody would attempt——" said Demorest.

Stacy curled a fighting lip rather superciliously. "No, I don't think that—I rather wish I did. It's the blessed chunks of solid gold that seem to have got us fast, don't you know, and are going to stick to us for good or ill. A sort of Frankenstein monster that we've picked out of a hole from below."

"I know just what Stacy means," said Barker, breathlessly, rounding his gray eyes. "I've felt it, too. Couldn't we make a sort of cache of it—bury it just outside the cabin for to-night? It would be sort of putting it back in its old place, you know, for the time being. It might like it."

The two others laughed. "Rather rough on Providence, Barker, boy," said Stacy, "handing back the heaven-sent gift so soon? Besides, what's to keep any prospector from coming along and making a strike of it? You know that's mining law—if you haven't pre-empted the spot as a claim."

But Barker was too staggered by this material statement to make any reply, and Demorest arose. "I suppose that you'd both better be turning in as we've got to get up early." He went to the corner of the cabin and threw the blanket back over the pan and its treasure. "There! that'll keep the chunks from getting up to ride astride of you like a nightmare." He shut the door and gave a momentary glance at its cheap hinges and the absence of bolt or bar. Stacy caught his eye. "We'll miss this security in San Francisco—perhaps even in Boomville," he sighed.

It was scarcely 10 o'clock, but Stacy and Barker had begun to undress themselves with intervals of yawning and desultory talk, Barker continuing an amusing story with one stocking off and his trousers hanging on his arm, until at last both men were snugly curled up in their respective bunks. Presently Stacy's voice came from under the blankets:

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"Hello! aren't you going to turn in, too?"

"Not yet," said Demorest from his chair before the fire. "You see, it's the last night in the old shanty, and I reckon I'll see the rest of it out."

"That's so," said the impulsive Barker, struggling violently with his blanket. "I tell you what, boys, we just ought to make a watch night of it—a regular vigil, you know—until 12 at least. Hold on! I'll get up, too?" But here Demorest arose, caught his youthful partner's bare foot, which went searching painfully for the ground, in one hand, tucked it back under the blankets, and heaping them on the top of him, patted the bulk with an authoritative, paternal air.

"You'll just say your prayers and go to sleep, sonny. You'll want to be fresh as a daisy to appear before Miss Kitty to-morrow early, and you can keep your vigils for to-morrow night, after dinner, in the back drawing room, I said 'Good night,' and I mean it!"

Protesting feebly, Barker finally yielded in a nestling shiver and a sudden silence. Demorest walked back to his chair; a prolonged snore came from Stacy's bunk. Then everything was quiet; Demorest stirred up the fire, cast a huge root upon it, and leaning back in his chair, sat with half-closed eyes and dreamed.

It was an old dream that for the past three years had come to him daily, sometimes even overtaking him under the shade of a buckeye in his nooatide rest on his claim—a dream that had never yet failed to wait for him at night by the fireside when his partners were at rest. A dream of the past, but so real that it always made the present seem the dream through which he was moving toward some sure awakening.

It was not strange that it should come to him to-night, as it had often come before, slowly shaping itself out of the scurrify as the vision of a fair young girl seated in one of the empty chairs before him. Always the same pretty, childlike face, fraught with a half-frightened, half-wondering trouble; always the same slender, graceful figure, but always gimmering in diamonds and satin, or spiritual in lace and pearls, against his own rude and sordid surroundings. Always silent with parted lips until the night wind smote some chord of recollection, and then mingled a remembered voice with his own. For at those times he seemed to speak also, albeit with closed lips and an utterance inaudible to all but her.

"Well?" he said sadly.

"Well?" the voice repeated, like a gentle echo blending with his own.

"You know it all now," he went on. "You know that it has come at last—all that I had worked for, prayed for. All that would have made us happy here; all that would have saved you to me has come at last, and all too late!"

"Too late," echoed the voice with his.

"You remember," he went on, "the last day we were together. You remember your friends and family would have you give up a penniless man. You remember when they reproached you with my poverty, and told you that it was only your wealth that I was seeking, that I then determined to go away and never to return to claim you until that reproach could be removed. You remember, dearest, how you clung to me and bade me stay with you, even fly with you, but not to leave you alone with them. You wore the same dress that day, darling; your eyes had the same wandering, child-like fear and trouble in them; your jewels glittered on you as you trembled, and I refused. In my pride, or rather in my weakness and cowardice, I refused. I came away and broke my heart among these rocks and ledges, yet grew strong; and you, my love, you, sheltered and guarded by those you loved, you——" He stopped and buried his face in his hands. The night wind breathed down the chimney and from the stirred ashes on the hearth came the soft whisper: "I died."

"And then," he went on, "I cared for nothing. Sometimes my heart awoke for this young partner of mine in his innocent, trustful love for a girl that even in her humble station was far beyond his hopes, and I pitied myself in him. Home, fortune, friends, I no longer cared for—all were forgotten. And now they are returning to me—only that I may see the hollowness and vanity of them, and taste the bitterness for which I have sacrificed you. And here, on this last night of my exile, I am confronted with only the jealousy, the doubt, the meanness and selfishness that is to come. Too late! Too late!"

The wondering, troubled eyes that had looked into his here appeared to clear and brighten with a sweet, prescience. Was it the wind moaning in the chimney that seemed to whisper to him: "Too late, beloved, for me, but not for you. I died, but Love still lives. Be happy, Philip. And in your happiness I, too, may live again."

He started. In the flickering firelight the chair was empty. The wind that had swept down the chimney had stirred the ashes with the sound like the passage of a rustling skirt. There was a chill in the air and a smell like that of opened earth. A nervous shiver passed over him. Then he sat upright. There was no mistake; it was no superstitious fancy, but a faint, damp current of air was actually blowing across his feet toward the fireplace. He was about to rise, when he stopped suddenly and became motionless.

He was actively conscious now of a strange sound which had affected him even in the pre-occupation of his vision. It was a gentle brushing of some yielding substance like that made by a soft broom on sand, or the sweep of a gown. But to his mountain ears, attuned to every woodland sound, it was not like the gnawing of gopher or squirrel, the scratching of wildcat, nor the hairy rubbing of bear. Nor was it human; the long, deep respirations of his sleeping companions were distinct from that monotonous sound. He could not even tell if it were in the cabin or without. Suddenly his eye fell upon the pile in the corner. The blanket that covered the treasure was actually moving.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Literary Landmarks of Rome, by Laurence Hutton. Harper & Bros., New York city.

The Descendant. Harper & Bros., New York city.

Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime is written by William Trent, M. A., professor in the University of the South. In this volume seven statesmen are pictured as those who best represent political conditions during the old slavery days. They are Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs and Jefferson Davis.

Professor Trent has evidently endeavored to give a clear and vivid picture of all of these men uncolored by prejudice. In speaking of Jefferson Davis and his mode of treating his character he says: "Of Jeff Davis, the rebel and traitor, whom a popular song devoted to an uncomfortable situation on a particular sort of apple tree," he will take little account. "Of Jefferson Davis, our martyr President, representative of the lost cause, true knight-errant of Southern chivalry, our peerless statesman, defender of the Southland, et cetera," he takes equally little account. What he does try to do is to show "Jefferson Davis, the fate devoted protagonist of the greatest of modern tragedies, the man driven by the gods to turn upon the nation for whom he had bled at Buena Vista the bayonets and swords of a section that had once battled for her liberation, the man who, with a worse doom than that of Oedipus, was forced to lead his own people, whom he loved, into the valley and shadow of death," as one who is yet worthy of regard in many ways. This view will be better received and understood by both North and South to-day than it would have been a few years ago, when the heat of passion had not died away.

The volume is a very interesting one from all points of view. The author has a fresh and vigorous style, a logical method of presentation, and as said before, a fair and unprejudiced mental view.

Laurence Hutton's talks about literary landmarks are exceedingly pleasant reading. They give vivid pictures of places and things which are full of historic associations, but of which we never tire of having presented in varied colorings. His latest volume is Literary Landmarks of Rome, and is very interesting. He describes not only the historic houses of ancient Rome and the places where they stood, such as Cicero's house and where he was assassinated and the senate house where Caesar was killed, but also some of the residences of men of modern times that have become famous, such as the Piazza di Spagna, where Shelley's house is situated, and the house in which Keats died. The description of Tasso's garden is an interesting one, and the author furthermore speaks of Montaigne's place of residence in Rome, that of Milton and of Gray. The details of Keats' and Shelley's life in the Roman capital are particularly worth reading, and towards the close of the book the author has much interesting gossip as to the places of residence of Americans, such as Constance Fenimore Woolson and James Fenimore Cooper, Motley, Miss Helen Hunt and Miss Olcott.

The Descendant is the title of a book which is published anonymously. It is written with considerable strength, and the reader who commences it will be likely to follow it to the somewhat melancholy end. The following is a slight outline of the story:

A boy, Michael Akershem, is in a farmer's family, where he is constantly upbraided with his illegitimate birth. The early chapters show him as a boy loving study with the minister, with a growing mind, but miserably unhappy. He finally runs away and comes to New York, only to find it impossible to secure work. Finally, hearing of a new socialist paper, The Inconoclast, he applies at its office for a position. The story then jumps a few years, and Michael, grown to be one of the most virile, clever and rabid, of socialistic writers, is discovered in the Chat Noir restaurant in New York. He sees here Rachel Gavin, an art student, becomes acquainted with her, and they agree upon a close friendship, which in the eyes of the world makes her his mistress. He does not believe in marriage. In fact, the keynote of the story is the belief of the man, who is socially ostracized by his birth, that all social laws are wrong, and his life proves not only his inability to keep to this belief, but the inability of any one to live contrary to the social laws for long or less time. The end of a life of high hopes, which ends in ruin shows that revenge may not safely be made the ruling power in life.

An important book recently issued is Theory of Physics, by Joseph S. Ames, Ph. D. The central thought of the book is the theory of the experiments and the explanation in terms of more fundamental ideas of the principles. special prominence is given to Mechanics, because on a thorough knowledge of this all theories of Physics rest. The fundamental properties of matter—inertia, gravitation, elasticity—are discussed. Special sections are given to energy and to wave motion. In Sound, attention is particularly directed to the connection between the pitch, intensity and quality of the sensation and the frequency, amplitude and complexity of the vibration. Electricity and Magnetism are discussed as far as posible from the modern standpoint of lines of force, strains in the medium, etc. The dissociation theory of electrolysis is explained in detail; and special attention is given the energy-relations throughout. Mention is made of Rontgen rays.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

Her Silent Influence on the Affairs of England.

A woman's silent influence on the affairs of a nation is shown in the career of Mrs. Gladstone. She is not a social or political leader, nor in any way a diplomat in petticoats, says an exchange. She is responsible, however, far more than is generally known, not only for her husband's vigorous health at his ripe old age but also for his great ability to accomplish the amount of work he has done through his public life and since his retirement. When he was in office it was her ceaseless care that he should not be distracted by anything that she could prevent, words that meant remarkable self-abnegation. The interests of a growing family of seven children, with a fond and proud mother, might easily have made considerable demand upon the father's attention but neither this nor any social duties nor household perplexities were ever permitted to touch his leisure from statecraft cares. Her watchfulness has not decreased these later years. She is still his best physician and saves his strength in innumerable ways, trifling in themselves but important in the aggregate and possible only to one who has made such saving a life study. Blessed herself with excellent health all her life, she wears her 83 years lightly and still shows many traces of the handsome Miss Glynne who captivated the rising young M. P. over half a century ago.

Spring Requires

That the impurities which have accumulated in your blood during the winter shall be promptly and thoroughly expelled if good health is expected. When the warmer weather comes these impurities are liable to manifest themselves in various ways and often lead to serious illness. Unless the blood is rich and pure that tired feeling will afflict you, your appetite will fail, and you will find yourself "all run down." Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the system, drives out all impurities and makes pure, rich, healthy blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier and the best spring medicine. Be sure to get only Hood's.

A Philosopher.

Aggie—Just think! One can send ten words by telegraph in Mexico for 10 cents, and here it costs us at least 25. It is nothing but an outrage.

Maggie—Suppose they can send ten words for 10 cents. They are Spanish, and neither one of us knows a word of Spanish. So what good would we get?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many time during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention The Toledo Weekly Blade, and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

TRICKS WITH THE KINETOSCOPE.

Effects Produced by Reversing the Film and Varying the Motion.

An odd experiment with the kinetoscope took place not long ago in Boston, says the New York Sun. The subject was a man eating dinner, and the film, prepared especially for the occasion, was of unusual length, so that the whole performance could be recorded. The man entered the room, and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to cut up the food. The motion of the fork from the plate to the lips was carefully recorded until the last morsel of food had vanished. Then he arose and walked out of the room, leaving nothing on the table but bare dishes. The series of pictures was then reversed. It showed the man entering the room walking backward. He sat down at the table upon which there was nothing but bare dishes and proceeded to extract food from his lips until he had filled the potato dish with potatoes and gradually put together a steak on the platter before him. Then he calmly backed out of the room, and the waiter did likewise with the meal that the man had apparently created.

Exhibitors of the cinematograph and biograph, and all the other "graphs" and "scopes" of the same family are missing a point here in New York which, if properly brought out, would prove to be an interesting part of the performance. The principle of these machines affords scope for a great deal of novelty, especially when the ribbon or long film is reversed and made to run backward, or when the pictures are produced at varying speeds. In the case of the phonograph little amusement is afforded by reversed description of a cylinder, as the confusion of disconnected syllables, but as with the kinetoscope, a variety of speeds, from very fast to very slow, will give interesting results. Take, for example, the picture of Niagara Falls, where the foam is seen to rise from the water, as it falls into the pool below. Here the water would ascend and run back smoothly over the brink and disappear in the distance—a bewildering effect.

Still another novelty might be produced with the picture of the Empire State Express, which is seen to approach and pass at the rate of nearly sixty miles an hour. It probably ran backward as well as that, or it could be made to do so on canvass. The last car would appear first in the picture, and finally the engine, the whole train vanishing a mile or so down the track. Now, in the picture, it first came into view. In a like manner the sound money parade might be turned into a farce, for here the men would be seen actually walking backward.

The biograph, cinematograph, and other machines of that nature merely show kinetoscope pictures enlarged by means of a stereopticon lens. All the pictures shown in the theatres are of moving objects taken while the machine itself is at rest, but a double effect may be produced by having the machine move too. A good example of this double effect could be made by placing the machine on the Broadway cable car and then making a trip of several blocks down Broadway, or, better still, by taking the curves at Fourteenth street. This picture thrown on a screen in a darkened theatre while some one shouting "All off!" would make a scene familiar to every New Yorker, as the view, looking through the front window of a car, would be naturally depicted. It is probable that cinematograph and biograph operators have refrained from these amusing exhibitions, as the effect would not be readily understood, and some time would be required to explain the reason for it.

Why Men of Genius Are Peculiar.

Peculiar inclinations and other mental idiosyncrasies of men of genius can mostly be very readily explained, according to the Popular Science Monthly. Every body can be psychologically to study and dissect those whom he meets, so far as opportunity is afforded, is familiar with the remark that each individual of the human race has his peculiarities, more or less odd, in his make-up. The ordinary man, if he has the least breeding, has been accustomed from his youth up to hold in check one inclination or another which violates the usages of society, or even perhaps of good morals. He has learned to attend sufficiently to his own conduct not to allow habits to take root which might appear unusual or be disagreeable to others. But the man of genius is far too much given up to his inward processes, his fancy and his work, to pay attention to trifling details of manner. He, therefore, appears what he really is, while the average man would not do this. Consequently, characteristics and eccentric inclinations appear in the former more than in the latter. Thus it is that the behavior of great men is not to be measured by the same standard as that of others, that we have to take account of the motives of their actions, and that the psychical conditions must be kept in view if we are to draw any trustworthy inferences from their behavior. Those mighty natures must be judged from their own organization, and not from the Philistine point of view of the so-called average man.

Strange New Shrub That Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc., Free.

We have previously described the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and Bladder disease of two years' standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 418 Fourth avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of The Blade who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder Disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints or other ailments due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

A Modern Fairy Tale.

Some vegetarians, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bullock, which chased them for their pleasure.

"That's your gratitude, is it, you thankless beast!" exclaimed one of the party, panting with fright. "After this I'll eat beef three times a day!"—Tit-Bits.

The Costermongers of London.

There are some 60,000 costermongers who carry on business in the streets of London. Their capital is supposed to be $70,000, while they are said to do a trade during the year of $15,000,000. The profits of this turnover are about $5,000,000.—Exchange.

Exasperatingly Indefinite.

"If that isn't aggravating!"

"What's the matter?"

"I just got a letter from my brother in which he says he is going to marry a blue grass widow. I don't know whether he is engaged to a Kentucky woman or a freak."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Capable.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?"

"Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Tit-Bits.

Not Contagious.

Teacher—"Give an example of the use of the word 'contagious.'"

Pupil—"Street cars are not contagious. They are hard to catch."—Boston Transcript.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Egg Eating Hens.

C. T., Michigan: Make nests in a dark place, and have them ten inches off the floor, with tops, so that the hens must enter them from the front. As the hens cannot reach the eggs from the floor, and cannot well stand up in the nests, they will forget the vice. Egg eating hens should be removed, if possible, from others of the flock, as it is a vice that will soon spread unless promptly checked. A thing that leads to egg-eating is that many people feed their hens too much, and as a consequence they become too fat and have difficulty in laying, often breaking the egg, and when once a hen gets a taste of an egg, she will keep right on eating her eggs.

Poll Evil in Horse.

J. L. D., Missouri: If you will send your full name to The Blade Farmstead, repeating the question you ask, the editor will endeavor to answer it. It is a rule of the office not to answer inquiries when the full name is not given. Names are not given in answers unless so requested, but where a name is not given in full in an inquiry, there is a lack of responsibility.

Lump on Horse's Nose.

C. R. L., Oregon: If the lump is hard and there is no indication of pus, it may yield to rubbing twice a day with iodine 1 oz., soap liniment, 12 ozs. If it is soft and fluctuating, it must be opened and the pus allowed to escape, afterward injecting carbolic acid ¼ oz., soft water, 1 pint. The incision should be kept open until the healing process sets in. If the lump shows signs of containing pus, it should be poulticed until a fluctuating point is seen, when it should be opened. As you have not given the editor an idea of the condition of the lump, he is unable to give you proper advice. Your veterinary surgeon should have been able to determine at once what to do.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Osage Orange Fence.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—The query by Rex S. M. regarding an osage orange fence I will answer. Having been in the business of raising osage orange plants I know whereof I speak. Rex had better buy the plants at a nursery where they are raised than to try raising them. It requires previous knowledge of the matter and a good deal of care and plenty of hard work to raise hedge plants successfully. Then the seed sown in the place where the fence is wanted will never succeed. The plant when it is young is the tenderest little thing that grows, and must be planted on new land where there can be no weeds. The land must be plowed at least ten inches deep to insure a good long top root. It does not make a good defense against water washing. Willow stakes driven thickly in the bank are far better. In planting for a fence a furrow should be plowed with a listor or a plow with a double mould-board, then a common stirring plow should be run in the same furrow to make it at least eight inches deep. Then a man takes an armful of the plants and drops them in the furrow six inches apart, then a man comes after and sets the plants upright and puts sufficient dirt to the root to make it stand erect, and then a furrow is turned towards the row each side to nearly cover the plant. Then a man comes after with a hoe, uncovers the plant and straightens it upright and treads the dirt firmly around it. Two or three men with a pair of horses will set and fix up a mile in one day. It doesn't usually need any more attention that year, but next spring it should have a furrow turned toward each side, and a scythe used freely cutting it off within six inches of the ground. This gives the plants an equal chance, and in about four years he may expect a fence that will turn cattle, chickens and other animals and a fence that a good healthy bull can't break through. All this provided he has regularly each spring cut his hedge down to within six inches to a foot for the first three years. Then after he has got a good fence he will be mad each time he sees it and wish he hadn't done it. It will sap the ground on each side for 25 feet, and nothing will grow for that distance except a few sickly weeds.

In preparing the seed for planting it is put in sacks, and, if the one who contemplates raising a hedge plants for sale has a pail of water near by he must tie the sacks firmly and throw them in the water where they must remain for about eight days or until thoroughly softened. Then a floor is to be made with sides and ends and the seed poured from the wet sacks to the depth of eight inches. Smooth it down and cover with the sacks if there is enough of them to do it, if not a blanket. The surface should now be kept watered at least twice each day with a sprinkling pot and warm water. In a few days the seed will warm up and the tiny sprouts will appear. When the seed has started evenly it must be spread out thinly and allowed to become so dry that it will run through a common hoe drill with every alternate tube plugged up so that the rows will be about a foot apart.

The land must have been been prepared carefully as follows: The sod is turned over, new land, then a stirring plow is to follow and turn the subsoil up on the top of the sod and the land should be as deep as possible and thoroughly pulverized. The seed is now sown with the drill and the land rolled smooth. Weeds as they appear must be killed with the hoe and for about one month the poor little plants will need to be watched daily. Then they will begin to grow and will soon be six feet high and able to take a hand in anything that may present itself. They are left in the ground all winter in Kansas, and in the spring a cutter that is set to run about five or six inches deep under the rows is so run and the roots cut off and the ground loosened so that a man with a pair of thick gloves can seize a handful of the plants and easily extract them, throwing them in piles. They are gathered up by boys and counted in bunches of a hundred and tied with a piece of wire, and the bundle put in a pit and buried till wanted. This lengthy article has been so drawn out in order that Rex may see how the thing is done.—Dr. J. Robinson, Kansas.

The Mole Question.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—There is a mole trap for the taking moles only. An upright frame with plungers of pointed barbs on each side. The pan springs the trap by being pushed up, then the long sharp barbs fly down into the earth, and Mr. Mole every time. The earth is packed down, filling their hole, the trap set astride it and staked. When the mole bores through the packed down dirt, he raises the pan, the barbs fly down and clear through the mole, and he is yours.—T. E. Luning, Missouri.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In answer to a question please say that if the man will get carbon disulphide, put a tablespoonful on a little cotton, drop it in the prairie dog holes that is inhabited, close the holes with dirt, and repeat the dose as long as a dog is seen, it will kill them. Two days killed all our dogs, a dose each day. For lice on vines try a little on cotton, turn a paper funnel over the hill—Mrs. E. Bick, Kansas.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I am cleaning my orchard of moles, using small steel traps. When you see a place where the mole hooves up the soil, dig a hole into it, and you will find his tunnel, clean the dirt out nice and set the trap so the pan is level with the bottom of the tunnel; cover up with a board, and rake the earth about the edge of the board to make it dark, and Mr. Mole will surely get caught.—W. F. DeLong, Washington.

Editor Blade Farmstead: Moles are not poison eaters. They are too shrewd to fall into a hole or tile. The man that would drown them must have a queer soil. It is correct that their nesting places might be flooded some times and some of them drowned.

I keep them down on my place of 17 acres with one trap. This is a small trap which is set over the runway and being touched off with the raising of a small paddle, drives tines through the moles. I believe this is the only way to combat them. In setting such traps the tines should be pressed into the ground once or twice so as to open

Talmage's Sermon.

EXAMPLE OF NEHEMIAH.

His Weird and Midnight Experiences Afford a Lesson.

Washington, April 5.—From the weird and midnight experiences of one of ancient times, Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, draws lessons startlingly appropriate. His text was Nehemiah ii. 15: Then went I up in the night by the brook and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned.

A dead city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before. You can stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once famous Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to a dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named.

Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous bodyguard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says: "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out: "Let us rise up now and build the city." Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriate and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder; but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No, Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He tells us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cupbearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longbeamanus, and one day, while he was handing his cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the temple was broken down; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the concordex, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged.

In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it be your own fireside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbath. What of Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the home-sickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm or Nehemiah in his midnight moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that, before reconstruction, there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some mischief. No, Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit abominations, and go to the penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation, it builds on the debris of an unregenerate nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin.

They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old-fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way. A dentist said to me, "Does that hurt?" Said I, "Of course it hurts. It is in your business as in my profession. We have to hurt before we can help." You will never understand redemption until you understand ruin. A man tells me that some one is a member of the church. It makes no impression on my mind at all. I simply want to know whether he was converted in the old-fashioned way, or whether he was converted in the new-fashioned way. If he was converted in the old-fashioned way he will stand. If he was converted in the new-fashioned way he will not stand. That is all there is about it. A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" He says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will; and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before thee."

Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel. That is what makes some people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars, and impenitent in his sins, and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fair-est cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man prizing himself on his independence, and says: "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin." Satan sometimes says to me, "Why don't you preach that truth? Why don't you preach a gospel with no repentance in it? Why don't you flatter men's hearts so that you make them feel all right? Why don't you preach a humanitarian gospel, with no repentance in it, nothing about the ruin, talking all the time about the redemption?" I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." I would rather lead five souls to safety than 20,000 into perdition. The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the apostle, "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ring of the trowels.

Again: My subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that kings' architecture will not put down home-sickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead."

Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say: "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say: "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say: "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge, and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh, that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild.

Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it: "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday, and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a Sabbath school class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon, for years, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuted—there were from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. Those destitute children received religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that was going on for sixteen years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears to-day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray the outcry in the room drowned out all prayer. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go any afternoon into Laurel Hill, you would find a monument with this word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there was not an hour in twenty years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothered ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed—he has not failed—he has triumphed!

Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of the beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements, and hardships, and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said: "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks."

My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with these bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said: "Sir, you know that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer the old sexton said: "Sir, about these larger graves I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns.

Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

"Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell—
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street—
Fell to be scoffed at, spit on and beat;
Praying, cursing, wishing to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead."

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you to-day, saying, "Go and sin no more;" while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh, there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see on only the mark of his reminiscences, but the courage and hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilded. I pick you up to-day, out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

A MANUAL FOR BACHELORS.

Hints That Are Warranted to Help One With Baby's Parents.

The average man is apt to feel a little at a loss when a fond father or mother holds up before him a mite of a red-faced baby. Something must be said, of course, and, if possible, something pretty. Well, here is a list of remarks, any one of which will do in such an emergency, if nothing more original suggests itself:

"Isn't he sweet? He looks just like you!"
"I think he is going to look like his father!"
"Oh, what dear little fingers! Do let me see his dear little toes!"
"Isn't he large!"
"Isn't he a tiny darling!"
"How bright he seems!"
"Did you ever see such a sweet little mouth!"
"Isn't he just too sweet for anything!"
"The dear little darling! I never saw so young a baby look so intelligent!"
"Do, please, let me hold him just a minute!"

The first of the above remarks has the advantage of killing two birds with one stone, so to speak. The last is put forth with some misgivings. Awkward bachelors are advised to think twice before making use of it.

Not Successful.

Author—Only one thing kept my last novel from making a sensation.
Friend—What was that?
Author—No one read it.—Sketch.

Do you know what an "emulsion is?" It is when each drop of the oil is broken up into minute drops, so small you can hardly see them with the microscope: so minute that they pass at once through the tissues into the circulation. Scott's Emulsion does not disturb digestion, is not unpleasant to take, and does not fail to do its work because digestion can deal with it at once. You may be able to disguise the taste of raw oil and get it past the palate but You can't cheat your stomach with it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

A Wonderful Statement

From Mrs. McGillas to Mrs. Pinkham.

I think it my duty, dear Mrs. Pinkham, to tell you what your wonderful Compound has done for me.

I was dreadfully ill—the doctors said they could cure me but failed to do so.

I gave up in despair and took to my bed. I had dreadful pains in my heart, fainting-spells, sparks before my eyes—and sometimes I would get so blind, I could not see for several minutes.

I could not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I could not breathe a long breath without screaming, my heart pained so.

I also had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints.

The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured. No other kind of medicine for me as long as you make Compound. I hope every woman who suffers will take your Compound and be cured.—MRS. J. S. MCGILLAS, 113 Kilburn avenue, Rockford, Ill.

INTERESTING TO ALL.

PARAGRAPHS GATHERED FROM MANY DIFFERENT PLACES.

Things About Various Subjects and Facts for the Blade Readers—Flotsam and Jetsam.

As I walked with myself
I talked to myself:
Myself said this unto me:
Make friends with thyself.
Be true to thyself.
Thyself thy good angel shall be."

In the first moments of a crushing sorrow, or when some great anxiety or responsibility is suddenly thrust upon us, it is a great comfort to hold fast this truth, "If I could not endure this trouble, if I was not equal to this new emergency, it would not have been sent to me to bear, or to meet." When we are suddenly confronted with a new phase of life, the first sensations are very confusing ones. The feeling is much like that of a man who is cast into the water without any premonitory notice. We feel that we are among new elements and new complications, and that we are without the experience necessary to defend ourselves, much less to grapple with or to subdue them. To do so will take time, experiment, thought, study, and waiting. In the meantime we are bewildered and overwhelmed. And in the midst of this new terror and misery there is one thought which can give security to the soul, comfort to the troubled mind, and courage to the failing flesh: "Even in this I shall be successful, as becomes one who battles for the right. Let me possess my soul in peace until I find the way."—Harper's Bazar.

In literature and journalism, the cry of to-day is, "Place aux dames!" Mrs. Humphrey Ward in England bids fair to wear the mantle of Dickens and Reade as a reformer of abuses. In our own country, Mary E. Wilkins may soon cause Howells to tremble for his laurels as chief American novelist. Years ago, Charlotte Bronte, loving her plain, commonplace, little heroine, resolved in deadly earnest that the world should love her too. Mrs. Ward loved "Marcella" and the poor, down-trodden ones whom she championed, so she put her heart and soul into her book, and it will live. Mary Wilkins loves the quaint New England women she depicts, hence her photographic skill in bringing them before us in their straight, scant calico or their Sunday bombazine and alpaca.—Woman's Journal.

In Mrs. Field's book Authors and Friends, she speaks most lovingly of Longfellow. "Although naturally of a buoyant disposition and fond of pleasure," she writes, "Longfellow lived as far as possible from the public eye, especially during the last twenty years of his life. * * * In spite of his dislike of grand occasions where he was a prominent figure, he was a keen lover of the opera and the theatre. He was always the first to know when the opera season was to begin, and to plan that our two houses might take a box together. He easily caught the gayety of such occasions, and in the shadow of the curtains in the box would join the whole singing or the recitative of the lovely Italian words with a true poet's delight. Mrs. Feilds emphasizes the fact of Longfellow's kindness to the struggling artist:

"He was distinguished by one grace which was almost peculiar to himself in the time in which he lived—his tenderness toward the undeveloped artist, the man or woman, youth or maid, whose heart was set upon some form of ideal expression, and who was striving for that. Whether they possessed the power to distinguish themselves or not, to such persons he addressed himself with a sense of personal regard and kinship. When fame crowned the aspirant, no one recognized more keenly the perfection of the work, but seldom turned aside to attract the successful to himself. To the unsuccessful he lent the sunshine and overflow of his own life, as if he tried to show every day afresh that he believed noble pursuit and not attainment to be the purpose of our existence."

Business people will appreciate these lines in the Boston Budget entitled, Lunch:

Just a piece of apple pie,
Just a piece of mince,
Just a piece of Washington,
Lemon, squash or quince.
Just a cup of coffee,
Bitter, big and black,
And back to work again if the Fiend
Were hot upon his track.

Mrs. Massingberd, who died a few weeks ago in England, was a woman whom all American club-women that went abroad were especially desirous of meeting. As founder and president of the well known Pioneer Club, of London, her fame had chiefly crossed the water, though at home she was distinguished for much other progressive work. She was a powerful leader, from her wealth and zeal, in the temperance cause, and on coming into an extensive heritage about ten years ago, she turned all the public houses of her estate into coffee taverns and social clubs. She was an anti-vivisectionist, an ardent worker for women's suffrage, and withal, for so strong a character is not always the most popular, a charming and companionable woman. Her remains were cremated, an odd occurrence at the service held over the ashes being the prayer of Canon Wilberforce, imploring God to tell the deceased how much she was loved and missed here below.

Never try to wear a shoe too small, or that does not fit when you first put it on; there is no misery more nearly distracting than a shoe that hurts the foot. Never let your shoes get hard and dry; don't let them run over; don't let the heels run down; don't dry a wet shoe until you have rubbed it well with a flannel cloth, then with vaseline. Never put near the stove. Half a peck of oats kept in a small box will be the very cheapest and best foot form for a wet shoe. Fill the shoe and shake the oats down, after having rubbed and oiled it, and set in a dry place to stand gradually. When dry pour the oats back for further use. Do not "black upon blacking" more than a week at a time. Take a wet rag and wash the shoes at least once a week, and oil over night to keep in good condition. Never handle patent leather until you have warmed it. Never wear "rubbers" with good shoes. Put on old shoes in wet weather.

Mrs. Long, the wife of the new secretary of the navy, ex-Governor John D. Long, is a woman of exceptional charm. She is the secretary's second wife and is 36 years of age. She is considered beautiful, with an intellectual cast of features that proclaims distinctive personality, and those who know her best speak with enthusiasm of her tact and easy influence. Before her marriage she was a teacher in the high school at Hingham, Mass., and she is still extremely fond of her former pupils. While not a strong woman physically, Mrs. Long is a great believer in all outdoor sports, and skates, rides and drives with her nine-year-old son, who is said to be a charming little fellow. Mrs. Long is a brunette, and her bright expression adds much to her beauty. She is a daughter of the American Revolution, and entertains delightfully.

During the long French war two old ladies in Stranaher were going to the kirk. The one said to the other: "Wae it no a wonderfu' thing that the British were aye victorious over the French?"

"Not a bit," said the other old lady: "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before gawin' into battle?"

The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel?"

The reply was characteristic:

"Hoot! jabbering bodies, wha could understan' them?"—Household Words.

A MAKE-BELIEVE.

The Language of Babyland and How to Read It.

LOVE THE INTERPRETER.

Did you ever get a letter from baby?

A make-believe letter, written on any old scrap of paper, and all smeared and daubed with inky fingers. A jumble of criss-crosses, topsy-turveys and wiggle-waggies.

A woman who never received a letter from baby doesn't know what real literature is. Crochety old bachelors and cross spinsters may make-believe that baby's letter is a jumble of nonsense, and that no one can read it. That's because they are not up in the languages.

It only shows their ignorance. There never was a mother lived who couldn't read baby's letter. Every criss-cross and every wiggle-waggle in it has its meaning for the fond mother.

To be sure, baby's letters are written in a language that no-account single people do not understand. It's a language that hasn't grammar or rhetoric or orthography. It's a language that the wisest philosopher and the greatest linguist may be unable to read, and that the poorest peasant may decipher at a glance. It is a language that is learned by love, and not by wisdom.

Do you treasure baby's make-believe letters? Do you ever think of the day when those letters may be blotted with tears? Do you ever think of the day when they may be messages from another world?

Many a mother who sits with the lovelight in her eyes and smiles when baby overhauls the writing desk and starts out to write mama a letter, is doomed to treasure these make-believes as her dearest remembrance of a loved one that is gone before.

Many of these mothers, fated to years of sorrow and sad remembrance, are all unknowingly themselves at fault for the sword that dangles over the heads of their darlings. For her own sake and that of her babes every woman should have and read Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is the best woman's medical work ever written. It contains 1008 pages and over 300 illustrations. Several chapters and illustrations are devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. It is written in plain, every-day English, with no confusing technical terms. It contains prescriptions and advice invaluable to women.

It tells about a marvelous medicine for ailing women. The name of this medicine is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a safe, sure, speedy cure for all weakness and disease of the delicate organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It allays inflammation, soothes pain, cures ulceration and stops all debilitating drains. It banishes the discomforts of the period preceding motherhood and makes baby's coming safe and almost painless. It insures the health of the little new-comer. It insures a robust child, that will be able to withstand the ordinary maladies of childhood. It insures a child that will not have in its little body the hereditary taint of disease. It transforms weak, nervous, sickly, fretful women into robust, happy wives and mothers, and in a large measure insures them against the loss of their little ones. Those who wish to know more about the "Favorite Prescription" should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All good druggists sell it.

Those who wish a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser may obtain one absolutely FREE. If a copy in a heavy paper-cover is wanted send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only; if a copy in fine French cloth binding, beautifully stamped is preferred, send 10 cents extra (31 cents in all). Address The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

HER ONLY CRITICISM.

She Was Willing to Hear the Story but Preferred to Be Fed.

Miss Cayenne was very hungry and the young gentleman's gallant efforts to be entertaining were not appreciated. He gave what he thought was a very happy imitation of the comedian at the play they had just seen, but she only sighed and looked wistfully at the menu card, says the Washington Star. A cough from the waiter awakened him to the duties of the hour and he said:

"Oh, excuse my thoughtlessness, won't you? What would you like to eat?"

"Anything!" was the answer.

"But haven't you any preference?"

"No. I am sure I shall enjoy whatever you order."

"There's plenty of things to select from," he went on, as he glanced over the list.

"Oysters, green turtle soup, bass, terrapin, filet of beef with mushrooms, Chateaubriand with truffles—by the way, speaking of steak reminds me of a conversation I had with a friend yesterday."

The unhappy young woman looked like a shipwrecked sailor who had opened a hamper and found a comic paper in it.

"It was really clever; I give you my word it was. It may not have been original, you know, but it was clever. We were taking breakfast together and he asked me if I liked my steak rare. And I said no; I liked it frequently. First rate, wasn't it?"

She nodded a pathetic assent.

"I do say good things once in a while, don't you think so?"

"My dear Mr. Jinkles, you said ever so many good things earlier in the evening. The only trouble is—"

"Go on. I'm not afraid of criticism, you know."

"That you don't order any of them."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Preaching and Practice.

First Tramp—"I'm a red'ot socialist, I am; I believe in sharin' alike."

Second Ditto—"Yus, that's right enough, Sam." (A pause.) "'Ave you got a bit o' baccy about you, Sam?"

First Ditto (growling)—"Honly enough for me own pipe!"—Fun.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Sunday School.

LESSON 3—APRIL 18, 1897.
Gentiles Converted at Antioch.

Golden Text: Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.—Acts xi:18.

19. Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen traveled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only.

20. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus.

21. And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.

22. Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem: and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch.

23. Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.

24. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.

25. Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul:

26. And when he had found him he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.

Illustrative Applications.

And if Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain (v. 14). That stone chateau of Hougoumont was the key of the position. It was nestled by the roadside. The grounds about it were green with the June verdure, and sweet with the June fragrance. Behind the orchard walls and within the house were posted the Coldstream Guards. It was Napoleon's intention to turn the left wing of his enemies, force this broken wing back upon the center, and so gain possession of the highway leading through the forest—the only possible avenue for British retreat. Thus he would catch Wellington as in a trap. But between Napoleon and his purpose stood this stone chateau. Win that position, and Waterloo was won. But that position could not be won. Again and again the French dashed against it, but they retired baffled, like waves from rocks. Because that stone chateau could not be captured, Napoleon could not conquer at Waterloo. Precisely thus is the resurrection of our Lord the key to the position. Hougoumont was the key of the position. Disprove and demolish his resurrection, and you have turned Christianity into a chimera. Preaching and faith, and all the witnessings of apostles and disciples, are emptiness. But this key of the position—our Lord's resurrection—cannot be captured. There is no more granitic historic fact. So our Christianity is not vain; rather, it is veritable and resplendent substance. The unshakable evidence of our Christianity is the resurrection of Christ.

Ye are yet in your sins (v. 17). Let me use here an illustration I wrote in a book of mine, "Light on Life's Highway" (John G. Huber Co., Philadelphia). Some time ago there sailed from one of our ports an ocean steamship. Husbands trusted to her their wives, parents their children, friends their friends. The goodbyes were said, the vessel pushed into the stream, forth into the ocean, passed on, was lost to view. Arrival time for her voyage had gone, but she did not reach her port. It had probably been a stormy passage, men said. She was a true, staunch ship, men said; she had been delayed a little. Still she did not arrive. Men fought their fears with comfortable surmises, but they grew anxious. Nothing is yet heard of her. Twenty days out, thirty days out; she must have been disabled. Vessels scour the sea in search of her, but they can find no trace of her. Fifty days out, sixty days out—oh, the terrible suspense. Oh, the suspense solidifying into sickening certainty! The City of Boston is not strong and staunch; she sunk in mid-ocean with every soul on board. The only proof that she is seaworthy, staunch, strong, is that she outride the waves, conquer the storms, bring that precious freightage safely into the distant port. The Lord Jesus came into this world to undertake for us. He enters into the human condition. He bears our sins in his own body on the tree. He stands in our place. He expiates our sins. We are to be free from them. They are to be lost and swallowed up in him. He dies that we may live. But what shall show us that his atonement is adequate and completed? We have embarked all our hopes of heaven in him. What shall assure us that the ship is strong and staunch, and that we can trust it utterly? Had our gospel stopped at this, that Christ died for our sins, could we only say he took our load, and sank beneath it, and that he remained there dead under it? could we point only to the death, the cross, the burial, the sealed sepulchre, how could we know that God had accepted him for us? But the ship has reached her port; we need not fear. If Christ leaves heaven to die for us, Christ rises from the dead, and again enters heaven, there to appear for us. Our hopes of heaven cannot be wrecked. The ship does not go down in mid-ocean. The great sin-bearer has arisen. He is enthroned triumphant at the right hand of the Father. In our Lord's resurrection and ascension is proclaimed the fact that his sacrifice is complete, his atonement adequate, accepted. There is no need that we be yet in our sins.

But now hath Christ been raised from the dead, (v. 20.) Notice a few things: (1.) The Apostle Paul was the veritable author of this First Epistle to the Corinthians. Everybody grants that. (2.) The Apostle wrote this Epistle in the year A. D. 57, or in close neighborhood with that year. Everybody grants that. (3.) Paul wrote this first epistle, at the very farthest, only about twenty-seven years after the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. (4.) Think now further. The young man of twenty at the time of the resurrection would be only a man in the prime of forty-seven when Paul dictated this Epistle. The man of forty at the time of the resurrection would be a man of only sixty-seven. You see it was not a distant thing of which Paul in this Epistle was so confidently writing. It was not of some hoary, fossilized event which had been handed down, with variously accumulating tradition, from the long generations. It was of events which had entered into the lives of yet living persons he was writing, precisely as survivors of the civil war are now writing of the events of the war. People often ask for close documentary evidence of the facts of Christianity. In this Epistle they have it, and how close, and within the memory of yet living persons who bear testimony to the facts! It is not a myth, a long and aged tradition, this resurrection of our Lord. The more the fact is studied, the more buttressed is it found to be. But now hath Christ been raised from the dead—there is vastly better historic proof of this than for any other great event. When you believe in Christianity, you are no sport-fool of old wives' fables. You have the soldiest possible reasons for your faith in it.

The first fruits of them that are asleep. This figure was the more suitable, as our Lord rose on the morrow after the paschal Sabbath, the day when the first-fruits of the harvest were presented." It had been a long, hard winter in Minnesota, but at last the spring was beginning to show slight welcoming sings. There were still drifts of snow, and the breath of the wind was sometimes bitter. I was taking a long walk, and suddenly, notwithstanding snow and chill, I came upon a clump of pussy-willow (Salix discolor), the shrubs for that the quickest responds to the coming of the spring, and the leaf-buds burst, and, though wrapped still in their coverings of long, exquisite silk, the leaves were beginning bravely to unroll themselves. How I hailed them! What messages they bore to me! I was looking at the first-fruits of the spring. Those courageous leaves were the forebanners of all the summer foliage. They proclaimed the reign of the winter broken, that the gates of the seasons were beginning to open summerwards. To me such sight has always been emblematic of the resurrection of our Lord. His resurrection is the first-fruits, the first fore-gleamings. It proclaims the reign of death broken; it is illustration and prophecy of transcendent and glorious life, flourishing over a defeated death. Let us be glad.

For he must reign, till he hath put all his enemies under his feet (v. 25). What courage is here afforded for all Christian service! Allied with Christ, I am allied with a victor. Napoleon used to say that every battle had its pivot-point on which the conflict turned toward victory or defeat. However long the fight might wage after that moment, the result was certain. The battle would end as the pivot moment indicated. In the conflict Christ has undertaken for us, the pivot-moment was the resurrection. The balance swung there toward victory. The struggle may be long, but the Risen One will conquer. Under his feet at last, his enemies shall lie. And I am one with the victor, trusting and serving him. How it makes the heart glow—this truth! It is a thing to be upon the certain victor's side; and I may be on it, if I will be, and so have shining share in the illimitable triumph.—Wyland Hoyt, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Something for Business Women to Read and Consider.

The pace that kills a business woman is the work she does at home, says the New York World.

Good, hard, faithful attention to business never killed any one, man or woman. Worry and the "seeing to things" idea—these are the two nails in the business woman's coffin.

The seeing to things" idea is distinctly feminine. No man ever had it. Every woman is born with it.

Men sit in a street car and watch the driver of a truck groan and tug and try to get his wheels off the track and not a man will move to help that driver or even sigh in sympathy. Every woman in the car is edging and peering and wishing she dared go out on the platform and see to that truck."

That's the thing that kills women.

They try to carry the world on their shoulders, and they don't realize that the world is a great deal better off without their puny strength under it.

Business women try to do too many things. They are, most of them, "jills of all trades." When a business man gets up in the morning he takes his bath, goes into the dining room and eats his breakfast, kisses his family good-bye and goes down town to work, like a sensible man. The business woman—do you know her? I do.

I'll tell what the busines woman does She gets up early and goes into the children's room, and fusses around for half an hour or so. If you ask her what she is doing she'll say she's "seeing to things."

She hires a servant—and waits upon her.

She pays a dressmaker—and sits

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Mail Matter.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 138,000

HAVE YOU READ OUR BICYCLE OFFER?

If you have not, kindly turn to the fifth page and do so. Note this fact in particular:

That we offer a strictly FIRST-CLASS bicycle—one which is on sale at retail all over the United States at present at $85. You can not buy it for less. But we have contracted for them, and sell them at $45, on the terms stated in the advertisement.

It is not a "cheap" wheel, such as sell at retail for $50 or $60, or whatever the dealer can get. It is as good a wheel as is made in the United States; as good as a $100 wheel.

Read the advertisement over carefully, and see, from the specifications, how the wheel is built. No one who buys a Blade bicycle but will find that he has made money by it.

Our old subscribers know that we never deceive them. When we offer them anything, they know they can depend upon its being exactly as we represent it to be. And that is the case with The Blade bicycle.

RIVERA TO BE SHOT.

Gen. Ruiz Rivera, the Cuban leader who was captured by the Spaniards, will probably be shot, with his second in command, Col. Bacallao. That is the news which comes from Havana.

It will be simply butchery, in defiance of the rules of civilized warfare. Two more names will be added to the long roll of names of Cubans who have laid down their lives for freedom.

But the murder of Rivera at the hands of the Spanish tyrant will not aid Spain. The cowardly betrayal and assassination of Maceo helped Weyler not one whit; and Maceo's life was of more importance to the Cuban cause than that of Rivera. Cuban freedom does not depend upon the life of any one man.

The Spanish cause is doomed. Spain is at the end of her resources. She has no more money, and no more men. The policy of surrender is foreshadowed in the statement of Premier Canovas, that "the time has come when the mother country, having done her entire duty, will ask her loyal sons in Cuba to support with their patriotism the overwhelming burden which Spain has borne." As "loyal sons" are not found in Cuba, the withdrawal of the Spanish troops will leave the island free, and the republic in control.

NO REAPPOINTMENTS.

It has become generally understood at Washington that President McKinley will not consider the applications of men for office who held positions under the Harrison administration. It is said the President has plainly stated this intention on several occasions.

The line of policy is a good one. There is a large class of men who, having held one office, deem that a good and sufficient reason why they should have another, and thus become fixtures at the pie counter.

If any offices are to be distributed as rewards for efficient party service, they should be made to go round, as far as may be. A man who held a snug position under the national government for four years under President Harrison, should be satisfied, and willing to step aside, to let some new and also deserving man have a show.

THE ARIBTRATION TREATY.

The amendments of the Senate to the arbitration treaty have simply emasculated it. It is of no value in its present form, save as a formal declaration in favor of the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means, instead of resorting to war.

It is not deemed probable in England that the treaty will be accepted in the form it took under the Senate's hands. The British public lost interest in it after the attitude of the Senate concurring its ratification was revealed. The original proposition for such a treaty came from the United States government. The document was drafted by the State department and the British minister. Then a strong feeling of hostility thereto was developed in the Senate of the last Congress, much to the surprise of all friends of arbitration, both here and in Great Britain.

Its discussion was not completed when the Fifty-fourth Congress ended, and the amendments made were all nullified, of course. Its friends believed that the opposition was largely based on hostility to the Cleveland administration, and that the new Senate would take a more favorable view, because of the strong attitude which President McKinley took in his inaugural in its behalf. This has been shown to be a mistaken view. The treaty has been shorn of most of its most effective provisions. The best that can now be hoped, in view of the indisposition of the British government to agree to these modifications, is that the Senate shall ratify it, thus endorsing the principle of arbitration. The negotiation of a really effective treaty must be left to the future.

Nearly a billion dollars have been paid on the national debt of Great Britain during Queen Victoria's reign. The United States paid about that much on our national debt from 1865 to 1892.

A Michigan woman named Vandamme has given birth to five children within a year. The husband evidently emphasized his name when he heard the returns.

The coercion of Turkey to stop the Armenian outrages has turned into coercion of Greece.

THE UNITED PRESS DEAD.

The assignee of the United Press has announced that it will go out of business on April 7. On that night its news service will end, and the organization become one of the has-beens.

Thus ends a contest which has lasted four years, in the complete overthrow of a most impudent scheme to monopolize the news business of the country, and compel the newspapers to pay a handsome tribute to the clique of men who controlled the United Press.

The United Press was originally a news association on the same lines as the Associated Press. It was a weak concern, and labored under a load of debt. A capitalist of Chicago made a proposition to subscribe for a large amount of stock, which would give him control of the business. This proposition was accepted. The history of the struggle then inaugurated, and of which the final chapter has just been written, is most interestingly told by Mr. Scripps, of the Detroit Evening News, who was concerned in the old United Press, and opposed the Chicago man's scheme. The following is abridged from his article:

Under its new management the United Press association became very profitable. The members were assessed without restriction, but the greater share of the earnings was derived from a system of blackmail which was entered upon on an extensive scale. Every city in the country was visited and franchises sold to existing newspapers for large sums under threats of competition if the franchises were not taken up. Almost every leading city in the West was thus laid under tribute for a service neither needed nor used, but taken simply to protect the already over-burdened newspapers from fresh competition. For years Detroit papers paid for telegraphic news which, duplicating that they received through their own association, was of no earthly use to them. And so it was in every other city. In this way the United Press was able to pay dividends on a nominal capital of $1,000,000. But the old members were not permitted to share them. The directors of the "United Press association," the capital of which was but $20,000, leased the entire business for a trifling annual sum to themselves as the "United Press, Limited," and they reaped all the large profits. The whole thing became a corrupt money-making scheme in the hands of men not themselves newspaper publishers.

About that time the handful of speculators, who, upon an investment of some $15,000, were drawing liberal dividends upon $1,000,000, grew bolder and conceived the idea of grasping the entire news business of the country, and laying the entire press of the nation under contribution to them. By corrupt means they succeeded in disorganizing the old New York city Associated Press and associating the New York Herald, Tribune, Times and Sun with themselves in the scheme. They then began intrigues to disrupt the Western Associated Press. At one time they had nearly succeeded in carrying through a contract with the Western papers, when, at a meeting at the Grand Pacific hotel, in Chicago, the senior proprietor of the News by exposing the character of the concern which the Western papers were on the point of allying themselves with, brought about such postponement as ultimately resulted in the breaking off of the negotiations altogether. This was in 1892.

Later an attempt was made to accomplish their ends by debauching some of the leading members of the Western directory by offering to admit them to the syndicate which should control the entire news collection and distribution of the country, and which could not fail to be immensely profitable. But, happily, the virtue of the directors was proof against these seductions, and they remained loyal to their constituents. They then began sowing the seeds of distrust in the minds of the individual members of the Western association, and some, notably the Louisville Courier-Journal and the Chicago Tribune, did actually secede.

It was in August, 1893, when everything was looking most gloomy for the Associated Press; when it was being undermined in every quarter; when secret agents were busy inciting discontent among its members, and when the directors could scarcely say a day feel assured of the loyalty or support of any of their constituents—it was at that juncture that it was decided to carry the war into Africa and prosecute it to the bitter end. Hitherto the Associated Press had confined itself to the territory west of Pittsburg, and had bought its foreign news of the New York association. Now it entered the Eastern field and took memberships everywhere. It also entered into a costly contract with the Reuter and other European news agencies for their foreign news, and began its own transmission by cable. The directors soon found themselves expending at the rate of over $1,000,000 a year.

At this juncture a circular issued by the senior proprietor of the News had an important effect in clearly defining the issues of the contest and in pointing out to the publishers of the country where their interests lay. The result was a wave of enthusiasm which a month later materialized in a bond for $500,000, which the publishers joined in to guarantee the expenses of the contest. Thirty-five per cent of this bond was later called in, and paid by the subscribers. From this time the war went merrily on. The membership roll of the Associated Press was steadily increased by accessions in the Eastern, middle and Southern states. All the directors pulled off their coats and worked. The member from Detroit undertook New York state, and before the year was out had won over the leading paper in Syracuse and three out of the five Buffalo dailies, and had paved the way for numerous other accessions which have been gathered in since. The first of the New York city papers to come over were the World and the Evening Post. In New England but little headway was made, but California was won entirely. For three years past the fight has been most earnest on both sides. The United Press fought to save something of the vast capital which was gradually being invested in it; the Associated Press fought with assurance of ultimate victory, however long the contest might be protracted. And now it has won.

As Mr. Scripps well says, it was a fight for the independence of the newspaper press of the country. Had the United Press succeeded, the entire press would have been tributary to a trust, and a handful of capitalists would have been in position to extort millions from the already overtaxed newspaper publishers. The influence of the monopoly could and probably would have been sold to stock gamblers and untold fortunes made by the corruption of the fountains of news. These were the possibilities the Associated Press was fighting, and it has won.

The distinctive feature of the Associated Press is that every newspaper which is a member has an equal voice in the management of the news gathering. The report can not be colored to suit any political or business interest. The papers get their news at cost, instead of paying a profit to a trust; for the Associated Press is co-operative, and each paper is assessed only enough to pay the actual cost of its service. There are no dividends to pay, no watered stock. The people of the country should rejoice in the notable victory which has been won.

The state of New York is doing nobly in the way of stocking her waters with fish. According to the report of Commissioner Brown, the hatcheries have the following fry of this year's hatching on hand for distribution: Brook trout, 4,960,000; brown trout, 1,180,000; lake trout, 3,495,000; frost fish, 10,600,000; white fish, 18,500,000; ciscoes, 14,000,000; total, 52,735,000. The commissioner reported special success with whitefish, and an output exceeding all previous years. They have been distributed in Canandaigua lake, Skaneateles lake, Keuka lake, Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. The systematic introduction of the best qualities of food fish in these waters is of vast benefit to the people at large.

There are several hundred aspiring statesmen who cannot understand how Col. Fred. Grant could decline the position of assistant secretary of war.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us!" is the cry of the Greek inhabitants to their brethren in Greece, as it was in the days of Paul.

The Powers are going to try a "partial blockade" of Greece. We doubt if Greece will submit, even partially.

It is singular that a man can reach the age of 37, and still hold as many foolish notions as Mr. Bryan does.

"FACTORS' AGREEMENTS."

The telegraphic dispatches a few days ago contained the information that the American Tobacco Company, otherwise the Tobacco Trust, had determined to abandon "factors' agreements." Probably a good many people read the item without clearly understanding the scheme behind this commercial designation. It was simply a plan which rendered it impossible for any dealer handling Trust tobacco from selling that of any rival manufacturer.

"Factors' agreements" were simply contracts between jobbers and the Trust, by which the former became merely the agents of the latter, instead of independent dealers. They paid to the Trust exactly the price at which they sold the tobacco, but the jobbers received a "rebate" every three months on their sales, which gave them a better profit than they could get from other manufacturers. And they forfeited this rebate if they did not keep their agreement to handle only Trust goods. Thereby the Trust shut out all competitors and controlled the market.

The abandonment of this scheme was evidently prompted by the recent Supreme Court decision, which clearly would cover such a restraint of trade as that created by the factors' agreements. It was deemed the part of wisdom to drop it before legal proceedings compelled that step. But the Tobacco Trust is not going to loosen its grip. Oh, no! The Trust is not in business for pastime, nor simply for its health. The boycott on unfriendly jobbers is not to be raised; the price of Trust tobacco to jobbers is to remain as it is—at the same price they sell to others. But as this would yield no profit, and no jobber in the country would handle Trust tobacco for nothing, the circular which the Trust has sent to its customers contains this notable postscript:

It is our hope that the success of our business will warrant our making donations of money or merchandise to our customers from time to time in recognition of their interests in distributing our goods. Should we be able to carry out this intention the donation at first will be based primarily upon the amount of our products purchased by you direct from us, and, secondarily, upon the expense to us of maintaining the output of our brands in your state. We wish you to understand that nothing herein contained shall be construed as imposing any obligation upon the company to make such donations.

This is a dodge to get around the anti-Trust laws. But its success must depend upon the action of the jobbers. Are they going to continue handling Trust goods to the exclusion of all others, and depend on the munificence of the Trust's promise, which it expressly disavows as an enforceable obligation? We trow not. Monopoly by trickery won't work.

BUFFALO ELEVATOR COMBINE.

One of the crying evils of the grain trade is the elevator combine at Buffalo. It exacts an enormous annual tribute from all the grain received by lake from Toledo, Chicago, Duluth, and minor shipping points. There are 52 elevators in the trust, of which 25 have not elevated a bushel of grain for periods varying from 10 to 33 years. Five good elevators could do the entire business, great as it is. The profits of the Buffalo trust were $2,200,000 last year—more than the cost of transporting the grain by lake from the shipping point to Buffalo.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle tells the story of a man in Buffalo who had a floating elevator which had been lying at the dock for a number of years unused. He was asked last season to name a price on it, and his figures were $65,000. "Why," said his questioner, "the thing could be built in a week, machinery and all." Then the owner showed from his books that the old derrick had been earning him profits justifying the price named simply by doing nothing. It was in the trust.

The Buffalo elevator trust charges $1,040 for elevating 100,000 bushels of grain. It can be done at a good profit for $250. This comparison illustrates in a luminous way the extortion practiced at Buffalo—a tax which the farmers eventually pay, as it reduces the price they receive for their grain by just that much.

The Buffalo trust is, however, nearing the end of its career. Chicago parties are building an immense steel elevator at that point, and as soon as the first is completed a second will be begun. The parties who are doing this are Armour & Co. and Bartlett, Frazer & Co. The alert Chicago men discovered that the grain trade of that city is threatened by the Gulf ports and the new railway lines thereto, and are at work to counteract this tendency. It is estimated that by securing reasonable elevator charges at Buffalo and New York the cost of carrying a bushel of grain from Chicago or Duluth to the ocean steamers at New York will be lowered two cents. That represents an enormous gain to the farmers and shippers of the West. The reduction will also be of benefit to Western railway lines running into Chicago.

COMMISSIONER DAY.

President McKinley is determined to understand the situation in Cuba, in order that his official course may be determined by the facts, rather than the contradictory mass of falsehoods which constitutes the average news budget from that island.

In pursuance of this purpose, he has selected his intimate friend, Hon. William R. Day, of Canton, to go to Cuba as high commissioner. Judge Day is a man of the highest character, a lifelong friend of the President, and thoroughly fitted for the delicate task which he has undertaken.

Consul General Lee will remain at his present post at least until Judge Day returns and reports the result of his observations to President McKinley. There is evidently to be action in Cuban matters, but it will be based on well-ascertained facts. The President will do nothing rashly, nor without good and sufficient reason.

"Prof." Wilson, the author of the present tariff failure known as the Wilson law, has issued an elaborate criticism of the Dingley bill, intended to direct attention away from the failure of his own law, which President Cleveland denominated one of "perfidy and dishonor." The absolute unfairness and unreliability of his criticisms are shown by his attempting to prove that his own law is a success, in the face of the fact that it has produced a deficit in the two and a half years of more than $130,000,000, and that, during the administration under which it was enacted, the public debt was increased $286,000,000 and the interest charge nearly a million dollars a month. This alone shows the absolute worthlessness and unreliability of his attacks upon the Dingley bill.

The Mississippi flood is a slayer, worse luck!

THE CRETAN QUESTION.

Events in the Orient are fast drifting toward war. It is almost certain that hostilities will follow. The uncertainty is as to whether it will be a war between Greece and Turkey over the possession of Crete, or whether the Great Powers will take a hand.

The Cretans reject the proffer of autonomy made by the Powers, and express their unalterable determination to free themselves from Moslem rule. Desperate fighting is going on in the island, and it is war to the knife between Christian and Mussulman.

Greece stands firm in her demand for Hellenic unity. She is pushing warlike preparations, has an army ready for war on her northern frontier, in case Turkey attempts invasion, and sturdily refuses to withdraw her forces from Crete.

The Powers are doing nothing except to maintain a somewhat ineffective blockade of Crete. They have a total of about twenty war vessels in Cretan waters. As the island is 160 miles long, and has nearly 500 miles of seacoast, it is obvious that they can watch only the chief ports. There are long reaches of coast with inlets and landing-places, with which the Greek sailors are perfectly familiar, and there would be no difficulty in landing troops unless a much stronger blockading force were available. The proposition has been made by Germany to blockade the Greek ports to prevent reinforcements being sent to Colonel Vassos, but the Powers do not agree to this.

The great obstacle to the designs of the Powers is the spirit of patriotism which is rampant among all people of the Greek race, not only in Greece and Crete, but in Turkey itself. The old Hellenic blood is thoroughly aroused. The Greeks, determined upon liberty and nationality at whatever cost, and are willing to face a war of extermination rather than submit to the Moslems, even at the behest of the Great Powers of Europe.

This feeling can not be conquered by the Great Powers, save at the cost of actual war, and popular opinion among the people of Western Europe will not allow war to be waged upon Christians to prop the rottenness and barbarism of the Turkish empire. Kings and cabinets must pause when the enlightened public opinion runs contrary to their designs.

As stated above, the outcome to which events are tending is war between Greece and Turkey. That this can go on long without involving other countries seems an impossibility. The Balkan Greek population will certainly be involved speedily. The Greeks in Turkey would rise, and the Sultan have domestic rebellion on his hands. For instance, the population of Constantinople consists of about 350,000 Turks, 155,000 Greeks, 150,000 Armenians and about 200,000 of other nationalities. In case of war the Greeks and Armenians would pull together, and the streets of the Sultan's capital be deluged with blood.

The solution of the whole matter should be the expulsion of the Turk from Europe. The nation which holds the key of the situation is Great Britain. Were she to grant to Russia what she demands, the problem would be solved. And if war results, she will be compelled to yield to the desire of Russia.

A SURPLUS NOW.

The monthly debt statement of April 1 shows a surplus of $4,395,664 of receipts over expenditures. The first month of the McKinley administration has thus turned a steadily-recurring monthly deficit into a surplus. This fact shows how ready the business world is to discount the future, and prepare in advance for changed conditions which will come under new legislation.

After the election of Cleveland in 1892, the business world took alarm at the certainty that a low-tariff law would be passed, and began to prepare for it, just as to-day every one is preparing for the time when the Dingley bill shall become a law. Four years ago the merchants stopped buying, so as to get rid of the stocks on their shelves of goods which would be affected by a lower tariff; importers stopped importing except to fill direct orders, and the revenues fell off in consequence.

Now they are doing exactly the opposite. During March they took imported goods out of bond, paying the duties thereon, and thus increased the revenues sufficiently to turn the deficit into a surplus. The amount of duties paid in March was just about double the February receipts. And the rush of the importing trade to get goods over before the Dingley bill goes into effect is expected to continue. The outlook, according to Treasury officials, is that the increased importations will give a monthly surplus until the Dingley bill is made a law, and under that the revenues will give an ample margin over the expenditures.

A POSTOFFICE RULING.

The announced policy of the administration to accede a four years' tenure of office to all postmasters appointed by the Cleveland administration who are otherwise satisfactory officials, has developed a somewhat curious state of things.

In one-third of the Presidential offices, and about one-half of the fourth-class ones, a juggle has been attempted. A Democrat was appointed to an office early in Cleveland's term. Last fall the incumbent resigned, recommending another Democrat, who was appointed. This Democrat might be the wife or daughter of the first appointee, a clerk in his employ, or his partner in business. The intent is to keep the postoffice under the same control during McKinley's term.

It is a pleasure to know that this sort of scheming is not to be allowed. The new ruling is that where there were two appointments under Cleveland's last administration, and the second was made to continue the tenure of office in the same family or firm, or the same party, the four-year rule will not be observed. This is but simple justice. When a man starts out to hoodwink Uncle Sam he ought to be brought up with a round turn.

Greater New York has more people in it than are in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, Utah and Nevada combined. Greater New York is great in every way.

There are 95,000 applications on file in the Postoffice Department. Who says this country has not an army of patriots?

The warship Philadelphia is to go to Honolulu. Don't know how she is to get there, as she cannot be taken overland.

Evangelist Moody is now in Chicago. Nobody doubts his bravery even if his recklessness is not commended.

If there's anything in a name, Charlemagne Tower should make an impression as ambassador to Austria.

SENATOR JONES'S ADDRESS.

Jones, of Arkansas, chairman of the national Democratic committee, evinces a desire to get away from the silver question. He has been a rampant silverite, but now he takes the opportunity afforded by Jefferson's birthday—April 13—to take up the tariff issue once more.

He has issued an address, calling upon the faithful to observe the day, in which he quotes two utterances of Jefferson. They are:

The palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few, booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God.

A wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvements, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned—this is the sum of good government.

The first of these is contrasting the American people as an independent nation with their condition before the Revolution under unjust taxation and oppression by Great Britain. The "favored few" were the king and his titled subordinates, for whom Jefferson had bitter hatred.

The second has no reference to the tariff, as Jones implies. Jefferson was strongly in favor of Americans making and producing all their own necessities, instead of being dependent upon foreign countries. In his annual message of 1806 he said:

Shall we suppress the impost and give that advantage to the foreign over domestic manufacturers? * * * The great mass of the articles upon which impost is paid are foreign luxuries purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance and application to the great purposes of the public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers.

Jones and his party associates occupy untenable ground when they call themselves followers of Jefferson and yet uphold free trade. Jefferson was not a free trader, but believed the opposite doctrine. But a little absurdity like that does not daunt Jones. The celebration of Jefferson's birthday by the free trade Democrats is a roaring farce to all intelligent Americans.

THAT RETROACTIVE CLAUSE.

The Dingley bill has passed the House, and the representatives of the people have discharged the duty devolving upon them of preparing a revenue measure that will stop the growing deficit, give the government ample funds, and at the same time restore the conditions necessary to industrial and productive activity.

An amendment was inserted in the bill providing that the duties imposed by it shall be enforced and collected on all goods imported subsequent to April 15 and prior to the passage of the act, which were not purchased nor in transit prior to April 1. This is to head off the importers from rushing dutiable goods over so as to take advantage of the low rates of the Wilson law. This would deprive the government of many millions of needed revenue, and render it impossible to determine what the normal revenue would be under the Dingley law for several months after it goes into operation.

The amendment is novel in character, and meets with much opposition from the importers, of course. Its adoption by the House renders it certain that no attempt will be made, on any large scale at least, to import goods beyond the regular demands of consumers. The importer will buy abroad under the conditions imposed by the Dingley schedules. Even though he knows the bill will probably be amended in the Senate, and even though that body may possibly strike out this clause, he can not afford to take the risk, for the chances are too uncertain.

Dan Lamont is about to be made president of the Northern Pacific. A few years ago he was drawing a salary of $15 a week as a newspaper reporter. But it is not every newspaper man who has a President Cleveland to give him a boost.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

The Senate has finished amending the arbitration treaty. The most important of these, the Hoar amendment, provides that "any difference which, in the judgment of either party, materially affects its honor or its domestic or foreign policy, shall not be referred to arbitration under this treaty except by special agreement, nor shall any question as to the continuance in force of any treaty which has previously been made. It is further explicitly specified and agreed that all agreements entered into by the contracting parties under this treaty shall be signed by the President of the United States and receive the approval of the Senate by a two-thirds vote before it becomes binding upon Great Britain or the United States." The first branch of this is meant to save the Monroe doctrine; the second to except the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the third reserves the right of the Senate to dissent from any agreement for submission to arbitration that may be made by the executive.

The one further change required to annihilate the proposition for a standing tribunal, was adopted in one of the amendments which Mr. Foraker submitted. This constitutes a separate tribunal for every case tried, the arbitrators on the part of the United States to be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

Whether England will agree to the treaty with such amendments cannot now be known. The exception of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is serious; for this presents a subject eminently fitted for arbitration. It is a matter in actual difference between the two countries, and has been the subject of a long correspondence. Moreover, it presents a question more like one of ordinary law than most international questions—whether one party may withdraw from an agreement essentially reasonable and beneficial to both, for reasons affecting, or supposed to affect, itself. The whole object of the treaty is to arbitrate just such questions, and, therefore, to begin by saying that not only will we not arbitrate anything that may strike us unfavorably at the time, but that we will incorporate in the treaty itself a refusal to arbitrate the question which just now seems to be best fitted for arbitration, is, to say the least, to hazard the treaty. But anything is better, so far as its effect here is concerned, than a direct vote to kill the treaty, for that would be a notice to the world that we prefer open quarrels, with the constant threat of war behind them, to peace.

Secretary Sherman has politely informed the Spanish minister that the execution of Gen. Rivera, the captured insurgent leader, would so inflame public opinion in this country as to greatly embarrass our government. Why not inform the Spanish authorities that the execution of a prisoner of war would be an act of barbarism, contrary to the recognized laws of war, and would not be tolerated? Technically it may be none of our business what Spain does with her rebellious subjects; but the conscience of this nation will not permit us to stand idly by and witness the perpetration of acts of barbarism worthy of the Dark Ages.

Should Rivera be executed there would be such an outburst of popular indignation among the American people that it is doubtful if even the conservative influence of the McKinley administration could avert war. If the government at Madrid is wise it will overrule the barbarous edict of Gen. Weyler.

There are no less than six crevasses in the Mississippi river, on both sides, between Helena, Ark., and Greenville, Miss. Twenty railroad stations and small towns are flooded. One hundred miles of railroad track is inundated, and some of it washed away. The levees below Greenville are now beginning to feel the strain of the flood. The river is 40 miles wide at Memphis, and 50 miles wide at Rosedale, Miss. All this water must eventually pass out between the levees below Vicksburg. Railroad traffic out of Greenville has been abandoned. Water has encroached on the streets of the town. Levees are being built behind the town.

Floods like that of the Mississippi now in progress have their inconveniences for the time being, but it must not be forgotten that they leave a deposit of impalpable fertilizer that is a pure enrichment of the soil without exhausting any of its elements as results from mere artificial stimulation. In short, the utmost destruction effected by the flood is later compensated many times over, taking the flooded region as a whole. This compensation fails in many individual cases, and actual suffering is experienced during the flood itself. In direct lines of swift current there is pure damage without any compensation, for good soil will be washed away and sand left in its place. But the unmixed injury of this order is confined to the line of swift current, an area which, compared with the whole area inundated, is a vanishing quantity. But the vanishing, though it be in this larger sense, it will spell total ruin in individual instances.

When Grosvenor, of Ohio, offered the retroactive clause in the Dingley tariff bill, he relied upon a former decision of the United States Supreme court in a similar case as illustrated in the Wilson act. The Wilson bill did not become a law until August 28, 1894, though it declared that duties should be levied on and after August 4. It was pending, therefore, nearly a month after the latter date. The Supreme court decided that the rates became operative on the date declared by the act, although that date was 24 days before the bill became a law.

The appointment of little Phil Sheridan, by President McKinley, to a cadetship in the military academy at West Point, will be hailed by the whole country with pleasure, as the only son of an illustrious patriot and a great soldier merited this national recognition. Mrs. Sheridan, to whom it was first announced by the President in person, at the White House, was deeply touched, as it was the dream of her life that little Phil should follow the profession of his father. She appreciated President McKinley's kindness the more because President Cleveland had declined to make the appointment, although she requested that favor of the late President.

At the age of 62 years and burdened with a fortune of $35,000,000, Andrew Carnegie has become the happy father of a robust little girl. Mrs. Carnegie is her husband's junior by twenty years. They were married about ten years ago, but the young lady who has just arrived is the first claimant upon the paternal millions that has put in an appearance. Ex-President Harrison, who can sympathize with Mr. Carnegie's elation over the event, is the latter's senior by two years.

The two divisions into which the Bessemer ore pool has broken are now conducting a "war" which has so far resulted in sending the price per ton from $4 down to $2.65. The next move of one of the rivals will be a reduction to $2.50. One cannot help thinking that if the government had been responsible for such a cut in quotations, it would have been called to account by all the ore producers in the land. But the Supreme court has not interfered in this business, and the only persons to blame are those who manage the industry. The facts in the matter suggest some rather interesting possibilities for the government and the operators if the two divisions of the combination should succeed in reuniting. If such combinations are forbidden by the anti-trust law, in what manner is the government, through its judiciary, to regard this enormous difference in price? Give the pool its original organization and it will charge sixty per cent more for its product than its members do when operating as individuals. Break up the monopoly and there is a fall of 37½ per cent. Are both quotations inequitable, and is it impossible that the equities on the side of the consumer and of the producer can be secured without the interposition of laws to protect both?

Now the ambassadors of the Powers at Constantinople are endeavoring to persuade the Porte to withdraw the Turkish troops from Crete. This is another concession to circumstances for which due credit must be given to Greece. All political theories are contrary to such subservience of the great nations of the Continent to the Sublime Porte, but the foreign ministers have discovered that it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts them.

The situation in the island of Crete is not only critical, but curious. The urgent demand by the admirals of the combined powers for more troops for the army of occupation is generally understood to indicate that Colonel Vassos has declared hostility against the allies. This solitary Greek commander, hurling defiance at the combined powers of Europe, and their plaintive cry for re-enforcements, is a spectacle for gods and men. Verily, there remains something of the ancient warlike spirit among the modern Greeks.

The news that the families of the Cretans are suffering from want of food, by reason of the blockade by the powers, and that food is being supplied to the Turks on the island, is causing a deal of indignation in Athens. The spectacle of the admirals of the combined Christian nations of Europe attempting to starve a handful of islanders into submission to the will of the "unspeakable Turk" is one which impartial history will execrate.

It seems to be clear now that if war is to break out in the East, Thessaly is to be the scene of the first conflict. The armies of Greece and Turkey are assembling there, and it will be a miracle if there is no actual conflict. As for a blockade of Greece itself by the Powers, that would not now be of much effect. Meanwhile affairs in Crete do not improve. Although Greece has been ordered to do this and that by the ineffective and paralyzed "concert of Europe," Turkey is merely asked to consider the advisability of withdrawing its troops from the island.

A special dispatch from Havana brings the intelligence that General Ruis Rivera, like his predecessor, General Maceo, was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards. There is a guileless simplicity about these patriot leaders which would be admirable, if its consequences were less disastrous. Of their bravery there can be no doubt, but a little more cunning and less confidence in human nature would not be out of place.

In far off Australia a very interesting federation movement is well under way. The colonies represented by delegates at the convention are Victoria, New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia and Western Australia. These colonies contain a population of about 3,000,000, and represent a country capable of great development in numbers, wealth and commercial importance.

The general political system contemplated very much resembles that of the United States, excepting that the chief executive will be appointed by the British crown instead of elected by the people. There will be a parliament composed of a senate and a house of representatives, and a supreme federal court resembling in its relations to the federation and its functions our own supreme court.

Liberty and practical self-government are the distinguishing features of this scheme, as they are of all distant English colonies containing a preponderance of English blood. The English are the world's great colonizers, and the lesson taught them by the American Revolution has contributed largely to their success in that line during the century and a quarter since that event.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 3. Don't fail to read it.

AFTER THE OPERATION.

Dentist—"I think you'll have no trouble in masticating now, sir."
Mr. Oldjaw—"I don't keer nothin' 'bout thet, jest so I kin chaw all right."

HOW TO LIVE LONGER.

The saying that "the Chinese pay their doctors when well and stop payment when ill" is the text of an article in a current magazine on little-thought-of cures. The writer believes that the individual, though he reaps with the rest of the community the benefit of scientific discoveries, has not yet learned, as he might, to personally apply the teachings of scientists, and by means of them avoil ill-health and prolong life. There is no reason why men and women should not practically understand, far better than they do, the care of those complicated machines, their bodies. The real name for many of the diseases from which there are daily deaths should be "Trust from neglect of the machine."

Many people do not know that either too much or too little muscle may shorten life. The athlete builds up an unusual amount of muscle, which requires an unusual amount of blood; consequently his heart must grow larger and work harder. Some day his heart gives out because it was overtaxed and unable to meet some special demand upon it. On the other hand, too little development of muscle may result in a feeble blood current and a slow, almost imperceptible process of congested liver, kidneys or weakened heart causes unexpected death.

It is now a recognized fact that intellectual stimulation is a factor in prolonging life and that the man who allows himself to sink into mental apathy begins to die earlier than he whose brain is constantly on the alert. Success gives new vitality, which means new life, and self-forgetfulness doubles human powers of endurance and thus adds to life's span. Nothing is more injurious to vitality than an unchanging routine. Wise variations of monotony help greatly to postpone age. When inadvisable to change the business it is often possible to alter the time, place and character of meals, to lengthen, shorten or change the time of rest and to vary the mental occupations and amusements of leisure moments.

ARID AMERICA.

Judge J. S. Emery has an interesting paper in a current magazine on the subject of arid lands and irrigation. He states on the authority of Maj. Powell, late director of the United States geological survey, that nearly one-half of the United States is not sufficiently humid for profitable agriculture without irrigation, while it is a fact that for title to one-half of the arid territory more than $38,000,000 has been disbursed from the national treasury.

It is estimated that from 75,000,000 to 150,000,000 acres in this vast district may be brought under cultivation by irrigation, and that at least 10 per cent of the whole area may be reclaimed by the water in sight, if properly utilized. It is further stated that in any given period of ten years irrigated land will produce from three to five times as much as land cultivated by rainfall.

Maj. Powell believes that fully 100,000,000 acres of land can be irrigated by the use of stream water alone, and in addition that large areas will ultimately be reclaimed by the use of storm waters. Underground waters form another resource, and borings now being made in the state of Kansas indicate thus far an almost inexhaustible supply.

Judge Emery takes the ground that the United States government should not be "asked to undertake the reclamation of arid lands, nor to construct the instrumentalities of irrigation; but the preliminary cost of ascertaining all the economic facts necessary to induce capital to enter upon the reclamation of these lands the Washington government is expected to provide for with funds drawn from the treasury of the whole people. When this is done, individual effort, together with industrial co-operation and accumulated capital, will do the rest."

SOME POPULAR SONGS.

A writer for an Eastern weekly has traced the origin and history of a number of popular songs as follows:

"Marching Through Georgia" was written in Chicago in 1865, by Henry C. Work, a printer, who often composed the words of a song at the "case" as he set up the type and then, if he had access to music type or a piano, he composed and set up the music. "Marching Through Georgia" was composed in that way, without ever being written out in manuscript. Henry Work also wrote "Father, Dear Father, Come Home" and "My Grandfather's Clock."

"Old Folks at Home" was written by Stephen C. Foster, but E. P. Christy, the minstrel, paid for having his name put forth as author and composer on the first edition. Foster wrote also "My Old Kentucky Home," and the words and music of nearly 300 other songs, many of them "composed on pieces of brown wrapping paper in the back room of a little grocery store in New York."

Dr. Thomas Dunn English wrote "Ben Bolt" in 1843, at the request of N. P. Willis, who wanted a sea song for the New York Mirror.

"Home, Sweet Home" was also the work of an American, in spite of a prevailing idea among Englishmen to the contrary. The author was John Howard Payne, an American exile in Europe, and the song was written for Charles Kemble, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre in London. It was an instant success, and brought the author fame, but very little money.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird" was written by Septimus Winner for Dick Milburn, a colored man, who used to wander about Philadelphia whistling like a mocking bird. The song paid its publishers over $100,000.

Sauce for the Goose, Etc.

Mr. Scrapper—When will you learn that razors are not the thing to sharpen slate pencils with?

Mrs. Scrapper—I don't know, I suppose as soon as you've learnt that hairpins are not the things to clean out pipes with.—Chips.

CURRENT EVENTS.

About 20,000 widows get married every year in France.

England consists of 37,000,000 of acres, Scotland 19,500,000 and Ireland 20,500,000.

There are more than 100,000 children in the national schools of Germany who stutter.

The three popular pictures in the London shop windows are those of the Queen, Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Nansen.

In London house rents in many quarters have already gone up 50 per cent in view of the coming festivities.

Marseilles had a riot in the Grand Theatre the other night because a number of women refused to take off their big hats.

A train of American cars has been put on the Southeastern railroad, on the line between London and Hastings, England.

The national debt of Great Britain in 1865 amounted to nearly $3,000,000,000. In 1895 it had been reduced to about $2,650,000,000.

Some Birmingham (Eng.) tradesman has turned loose in the streets a pair of horses with advertisements attached to them.

In a London paper a young married woman of title asks £1,000 for the discharge of the duties of a chaperone for the space of three months.

It is a surprising fact that the bakers of America last year exported abroad 14,000,000 pounds of bread and biscuit, for which they received $634,000.

A Woodford county, Kentucky, man buys all the old broken-down horses he can get for $1 a head, kills and skins them and feeds the flesh to the hogs.

Wheat grown in the north of France has from 11 to 26 per cent less nitrogenous elements in it than that raised there 50 years ago

Publishers' Column.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER PICTURES.

We have just arranged with a large picture publishing house for a limited number of very handsome flower pictures. They are on very heavy paper, 16½x20 inches, and cannot be purchased at any art store for less than $1. These pictures are from the paintings of prominent artists, the work executed by one of the best picture publishing houses in the country, and the coloring is exquisite. When framed and hung on the wall they cannot be distinguished from genuine water color paintings. They must be seen to be appreciated.

We are always seeking for something to please our subscribers, and we believe in these pictures we have secured something that will delight the heart of every lady reader of The Blade.

The subjects are:
No. 1—Roses and Lilacs.
No. 2—American Beauties and Lilacs.
No. 3—Roses and Violets.
No. 4—American Beauties.

We have only a few copies of No. 4. It is a beauty, and if you want it, order quickly.

Our price, 50 cents each, or $5 cents per pair.

Or, if you will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, we will send you any TWO flower pictures FREE.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
Fall of Petersburg, Va.
Battle of Opequan or Winchester, Va.

We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
Die Hermann's Schlacht.
Battle near Orleans.
Battle of Fontenoy.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

The original edition of this sold at $30 per set. A reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition, with additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

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We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

WHAT GOOD INTENTIONS COST HIM.

This Man Interposed in the Interest of Good Deportment.

There was just one vacant seat in the Wabash avenue cable car when a woman carrying a large basket and leading a small boy by the hand came in and took the seat, says the Chicago Tribune. She placed the basket carefully in her lap and let the boy stand leaning against her—an arrangement that suited everybody except the boy.

"I 'ant to sit there," he bawled, trying to push his mother aside.

"Look out, Johnny! you'll break them eggs," remonstrated the woman.

"Don't care if I do!" sobbed Master Johnny.

"I'll make you care!" answered his mother sharply. "Five dozen eggs, an' every last one of 'em fresh!"

His answer was a kick aimed at the basket. A man sitting opposite her interposed.

"Come, my little man, and sit on my knee."

"Ain't a-goin' to sit on your knee," and the youngster kicked the eggs again.

"I just wish I had you home. Wouldn't I lay it on!" said his mother. "I'd trounce you right here if I knew what to do with this 'ere basket."

"I'll hold the basket, ma'am," said the man opposite.

He reached over and took it. Everybody hoped to see Johnny get his deserts, and a hush of expectancy fell on the car. But what that scheming woman did was to pick up the boy, cuddle him in her arms, and give him a comfortable seat in her lap. And the little wretch smiled at the general discomforture, while the man opposite let the basket of eggs jounce as they would, and glared with murderous ferocity at Johnny and his mother.

No Wonder She Wept.

"Don't weep so, ma'am. Other boys have gone to sea and returned alive and well—why shouldn't yours?"

"But J-Jim is go-going on a bub-bub-battleship, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dog Eat Dog.

First Neighbor—"That's a very dainty dog of yours. I threw him some cold sausages this morning and he wouldn't touch them."

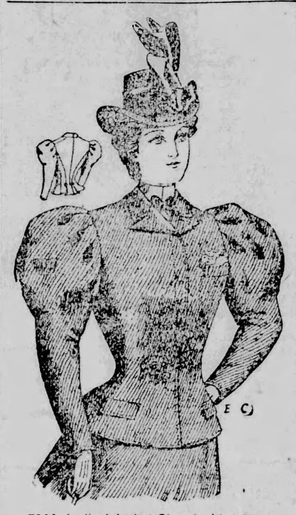
Second Neighbor—"What did you take him for—a cannibal?"—New York Tribune.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of The Blade.

NO. 7044—LADIES' JACKET CLOSED WITH A FLY.

Stylish top coat of mouse-gray cloth suitable for general wear such as traveling, cycling or shopping. Hat of ecru braided straw with unusually high crown and rolling brim. About the crown is a wide band of black satin ribbon



7044—Ladies' Jacket Closed with a Fly.

and at the left side are smart quills and upright bows.

The jacket, of fashionable length, is adjusted to the figure by the usual number of seams and the fronts are reversed at the top in pointed lapels that extend beyond the end of the coat collar, which is shaped by a center seam; the fronts lap and close at the center with button holes in a fly which is defined by a row of machine stitching in the regulation tailor finish. The close fitting back has a coat lap at the center seam below the waist, and at the side-back seams are coat plaits smartly finished by single buttons placed at the top. Pocket laps cover openings to side pockets in the fronts and a breast pocket is in the left-front. The stylish sleeves, of comfortable dimensions, have the fullness at the top collected in gathers while the wrists are neatly finished by a single row of machine stitching to harmonize with the general finish of the garment.

Coats in this style are exceedingly practical and can be conveniently worn over a shirt waist of silk or cambric. Serge, cloth, cheviot and covert coating are suitable materials for developing.

To make this jacket for a lady in the medium size will require 2¾ yards of 44-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7044, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7043—LADIES' WRAPPER, WITH WATTEAU PLAIT.

Turquoise-blue cashmere is here daintily trimmed with cream lace insertion and edging to match. The stylish adjustment is made over fitted lining fronts of basque depth

7043—Ladies' Wrapper with Watteau Plait.

that close in the center, the upper portions of which are faced to form a double-pointed yoke. The full fronts are gathered at the top and arranged on the linings under lower edge of yoke. Under-arm gores give a smooth effect over the hips, the back being fitted with curved side and center-back seams. The back, presenting the popular "Watteau" effect has a wide box plait laid at the neck, which falls in graceful fullness to the lower edge of the skirt. Below the waist line the seams of the garment gradually expand, affording the requisite fullness to the skirt, which has a foot decoration in the form of a narrow, lace-edged ruffle headed with a band of insertion. At the under-arm seams pointed belt sections are inserted which hold the fullness at the front of waist line in position. The neck is completed with a rolling collar. The stylish sleeves, of moderate dimensions, are shaped with single seams and the wrists being completed with single bands of insertion and lace. A gathered ruffle, edged with lace insertion, falls over the sleeves and outlines the lower edge of the yoke front and simulates a yoke in the back.

Cashmere, Henrietta, challis, and all manner of soft woolen textures may be employed in making. Lawn, percale, gingham, batiste, dimity or other cotton wash fabrics will develop daintily in this style with decorations of lace or embroidery.

To make this wrapper for a lady in the medium size will require 6½ yards of 44-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7043, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 7010—MISSES' SHIRT WAIST.

One of the smartest of the new styles in shirt waists is here portrayed in batiste in scroll design, showing a dark blue on a white

7010—Misses' Shirt Waist.

ground. At the neck is a high standing collar of white linen and a white tie. A narrow belt with handsome metal buckle encircles the waist. On the edge of the right front is a box-plait through which button-holes are worked, to use in closing with studs or buttons, as preferred. The becoming fulness of the fronts is gathered at each side of the center box-plait and at the shoulder edges, where it is joined to the front edge of the back yoke which extends a trifle beyond the shoulders. The yoke is cut with the shoulder edge laid on the straight, lengthwise thread of the material, which produces an exceedingly graceful effect when made in striped goods, as it throws the back seam on a pretty bias. The back is arranged in box-

7036—Girls' Costume.

plaits, the top of which is joined to the lower edge of the yoke; these plaits taper gracefully towards the waist line where they are narrowest. The sleeves, of fashionable width, are gathered at the top and very slightly at the wrists, where they are finished with straight cuffs. At the back of sleeves are slashed openings finished with overlaps. The collar may be of linen, as illustrated, in which case it can be adjustable for ease in laundering, or made to match the waist and sewed permanently to position, as preferred. Percale, cambric, lawn, dimity, batiste and gingham will make up prettily by the mode, machine stitching forming a neat finish.

To make this shirt waist for a miss of fourteen years, will require three yards of thirty-six inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7010, is cut in sizes for misses of ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.

NO. 7036—GIRLS' COSTUME.

(Hints by May Manton.)

This little dress is suitable to be made in silk, woolen or cotton fabrics. As illustrated it is composed of striped woolen. The fanciful collar is of satin-faced cloth and the belt and neck band are of velvet. The waist is arranged over body linings that are fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams and close in centre-back. The full fronts and back are gathered and joined to the body linings at yoke depth, the lower edge being also gathered and adjusted to the waist linings to fall in slight blouse effect. A stylish accessory is the fanciful collar that falls deeply over the upper portions of the waist and sleeves, and is prettily shaped in tabs that are decorated with soutache braid. A standing collar finishes the neck with full ruche of lace above. The two-seamed sleeves, of modified dimensions, are gathered at the top and finished at the wrist with braid. The full round skirt is decorated at the lower edge, gathered at the top and sewed to the bottom of waist, a placket finishing in the centre-back. All manner of fabrics may be employed in making, the mode offering a wide range for individual taste in the selection of fabrics and colors most becoming to children.

To make this dress for a girl of eight years will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7036, is cut in sizes for girls of four, six, eight, ten and twelve years.

NO. 7034—LADIES' TIGHT FITTING JACKET BASQUE.

(Hints by May Manton.)

Our model shows an extremely smart and effective design particularly adapted for wear between seasons. As represented, it is made of smooth-faced cloth of satin-finish in hussar-blue. It is neatly finished with machine stitching and decorated with braid, portraying the military style of trimming and the military cut as well. The basque, of becoming length, is trimly adjusted to the figure by the usual number of seams, the fronts having double-breasted darts. The closing is effected invisibly through the centre-front. Above the closing the upper edges of the fronts are reversed to form pointed lapels that meet the rolling coat collar. Below the waist line at the back coat laps and plaits are formed in regular coat style. The fronts are decorated with brandebourgs, and the curving seams of the back are defined with braid that finishes in tredoil effect. The stylish sleeves have a slight fulness at the top and are close-fitting below; the wrists being completed by machine stitching and a decortion of braid above in hussar style.

Serge, cheviot, tweed and cloth are among

7034—Ladies' Tight-Fitting Jacket Basque.

the materials selected for making, while braid is invariably the accepted decoration.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7034, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7035—MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED ETON JACKET.

(Hints by May Manton.)

This jaunty little Eton jacket for young misses is carried out in red cloth with decorations of braid in two widths. Smart walking hat of red straw with narrow satin band encircling the crown, finishing at the left side with cravat bow and coque feathers. The jacket, of becoming length, overlaps the wide belt, the front extending in pretty pointed outline. The wide backs can be made with or without a center-back seam, meeting the fronts, which are shaped with single bust darts. The garment laps in double-breasted style, closing at the left side with a decoration of black braidebourgs in the military fashion. The upped edges of the fronts are reversed above the closing to form wide coat lapels that meet the rolling coat collar in uneven notches. A chemisette with bow tie is worn, and a wide belt encircles the waist. The coat-shaped sleeves fit the arm comfortably loose from the wrists to above the elbow, where the fullness stands out in stylish effect, and is arranged at arm's-eye in box-

7035—Ladies' Double-Breasted Eton Jacket.

plaits. The free edges of the collar, coat lapels and sleeves are finished with a flat braid in medium width, while the wrists have an additional trimming above the flat braid.

Jackets of this description are exceedingly popular and may be developed in serge, tweed, covert cloth, etc., in colors such as red, hussar, military or postman's blue, or a pretty shade in dove-gray or tan. In washable fabrics, canvas, duck or pique can be employed, and the garment can be made to match a skirt thus completing a costume or worn independently as a top garment. As a cycling jacket the model is exceedingly correct.

To make this jacket for a miss of 14 years will require 2⅛ yards of 44-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 7035, is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

AS THE CLOCK TICKS.

Every minute, every minute
Has the whole of living in it.
Some one's crying,
Some one's born,
Some one's dying,
Old and worn.
Some one's laughing,
Some one's fed,
Some one's chaffing,
Some one's dead.
Some one's jeering
Love confessed.
Some one's jesting,
Some one's sorry,
Some one's glad.
Some one's worry
Drives him mad.
Every minute, every minute
Has the whole of living in it.
—Truth.

NORTHUMBRIAN WOMEN'S DIET.

Oatmeal Porridge and Milk Used to Make Them Buxom.

A Northumbrian woman whose work lay in the fields, who came of a big race and allayed her own hearty appetite with oatmeal porridge and milk, was naturally buxom and blowsy, and had a gait and manner that belonged to her location, says Longman's Magazine. You could not expect much delicacy or refinement there. Yet many of these big, strong, awkward women had a simple kindness and effectionateness that belonged, equally with their faults, to an unsophisticated nature.

I speak of the old style—change has been proceeding rapidly during the last decade or two. The gangs of women now to be seen are paler in color, more stunted in size, and, I am told by those who employ them, less capable workers than their predecessors. And this, by a kind of paradox, is an effect of better times. It is to a large extent due to diet. Since wheat has fallen so much in price flour has supplanted oatmeal and milk has been ousted by cheap tea. The new food may be more genteel but it is not so nourishing as the old.

DRESDEN MULL.

A Light, Pretty, Inexpensive and Not Too Dressy Fabric for Evening Waists.

A Dresden mull conveys great possibilities in its sound. It means a filmy white material, of cream or pale blue, or even flesh color, with shaded figures wandering over the surface in that haphazard Dresden effect sign which is so beautiful because not too "set."

Such a mull needs no trimming and little making up. It is its own beautification.

A pretty flesh-colored mull, with figures in

A DRESDEN MULL WAIST.

pink and green, was made with baby waist gathered under a ribbon belt of pink and green stripes. The foundation was pink, over which the flesh color glowed prettily.

Around the neck, which was cut shoulder height, there was a double ruching of plain white mull and the same was at the wrists.

For evening waists the neck may be rounded, but except for very formal occasions the sleeves are to the wrists.

DRUNKEN BEES.

Bumblebees That Gave Evidence of Feeling Remorse.

T. L. Williams, in a note in the Journal of Botany, points out certain facts about bumblebees which will be of interest to some humans. He says that these insects often get drunk. Their intoxicating tipple is the honey produced by the crowded flowers of the capitulate heads of certain compositae and dipsasaetae. When the stage of intoxication is reached it is indicated by rolling on the back, striking the legs wildly in the air and general helplessness.

The bees rapidly recovered from the effects and in most cases were eager to repeat the debauch, but one individual which had been shut up in a vasculum with copious supplies of centauren scabiosa manifested the next morning a praseworthy remorse and disgust, raising its head and forelegs as high as it could above the plants, then hurrying away as soon as released. The most dissolute species is the neuter of bombus lapidarius. The remorse probably indicates the presence of the headache, which in the highest animal of all is so provocative of good resolutions.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Some girls can never blush without feeling conscious.

Most men feel more at home when their wives aren't.

Every man knows of times when he has been too discreet.

The devil was glad when women were created, because he couldn't be everywhere at once.

When you see a girl shrug her shoulders it isn't always a sign that she is too stuck up to wear red flannel.

Generally when a girl calls a man a pet name, she can be pretty sure some other girl has called him the same name before.—New York Press.

What He Lost.

I was on a cycling tour and, on arriving at the top of a steep hill, I was told by an old woman that the hill was a very dangerous one and that a few days before a young man had been killed.

On closer inquiry as to the cause of the accident, she told me he had "lost something off his machine."

I suggested parts of the machine—viz., brake, pedals, lamp.

"No; she didn't think it was any o' that."

Then a bright idea struck me, and I asked her if control was the "something" he had lost.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "that's it; he lost control of his machine!"—Answers.

The Typewriter's Encore.

"During a recent session of parliament Sir William Harcourt found himself," says a writer in the Leeds Mercury, "unexpectedly in view of an important speech and having no notes, went into the stenographers' room to prepare some. He procured a lady typist and dictated to her for some time. As he wound up a glowing peroration the lady typist suddenly gasped and burst into tears. 'Would you mind saying all that again?' she said plaintively; 'I've forgotten to put any paper in the machine!'"—Exchange.

Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 is a beacon of hope to all men.

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer *50 years ago.* In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—*50 years of cures.* Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the *same old plant* that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. *It* has not been bettered. And since *we* make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the *same old sarsaparilla* because it works the *same old cures.* It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—*it's Ayers.*

ODD FACTS.

Of 56 cases of typhoid fever, about one-third were said to be traceable to the eating of raw shell-fish.

In Arran, where the maidenhair ferns grow plentifully, some of the inhabitants use it as a substitute for tea.

Returns show that 16 persons in 1,000 who are confined in lunatic asylums have been made insane by love affairs.

Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate, wrote in Greek several interesting works. The most notable was "Letters on the Use of the Beard."

Although people have been killing themselves since the earliest dawn of history, it is now fashionable to refer to all suicides as followers of Bob Ingersoll.

A useful charity, called the London Spectacle mission, provides spectacles for needlewomen and other deserving persons dependent upon their eye-sight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

It has been found by experment that tea retards digestion. An infusion of 1 per cent of tea causes a perceptible delay; 3 per cent infusion will delay the digestion sometimes as much as 12 times the normal period; a 10 per cent decoction arrests the digestion of all starchy foods.

HE WANTED A BARGAIN.

But There Were No Cut Rates in Marriage Licenses.

"Say, young feller, is this the place where they sell the ticket which gives a chap the right ter git hitched?"

"Yes," replied the clerk, affably, according to the New York Journal. "We make out marriage licenses here."

"Wall, what would ye charge ef I bought one from ye?"

"Two dollars is the regular price for a license."

"Say, pard, don't ye know that times is terrible hard just now?"

"Yes, I know that folks are a good deal pinched for money."

"Wall, don't ye think then ye ought ter let me have one cheap?"

"No, sir; $2 is the price for writing a license, and it is impossible for me to let you have one for less."

"It's very hard ter make a livin' nowadays."

"I find it so," replied the young man.

"Wall, haven't ye got one that ye could let me take off yer hands fer a consideration?"

"No, we don't keep second-hand marriage licenses," replied the clerk, with a smile.

"Couldn't ye write me one in pencil on an old scrap of no-count paper that wouldn't cost so much as a regular one and trade it off fer $1?"

"All licenses have to be made out on a regular printed form and would be worthless on any other paper."

"Now, look a-here, pardner, both me and the old woman who's a-goin' ter git spliced ter me has both bin married before, an' I bought the license at this very office, so ye ought ter make some 'lowance fer that, as I might come here again and p'raps send ye trade, 'cos there's several fellers up our way sparkin' evenin's with the gals an' they'd shorely come to ye soon ef they thought they'd git treated white and git cut rates."

"We should be very glad to have them come, but I am not authorized to sell a marriage license for a cent less than $2."

"Wall, I'll be gosh darned ef I pay tew dollars fer it, an' the young feller can come hisself an' git his own license. Seein' as how I can't make a trade with ye, I'll tell ye how 'tis. Young Bill Rawlins be goin' ter marry my darter Liz, an' I an' the old woman thought ef so be I could git ye ter give me a license cheap I might make 50 cents or a dollar on the young feller ter kinder make up fer the ile he's a-burnin' at my place nights lately. But 'taint ter be. So long, pardner; stick him for every cent ye can ter make up, will ye?"

KEEP COURAGE.

Friend, do not let the dying year
Leave vain regrets and sorrow;
Remember, there's another here—
Another year to-morrow!

The maid who would not kiss last week
May change, as does the season,
And offer you a pouting cheek,
While you know not the reason!

Oh, judge not of the coming day
From what the past has brought you;
Experience has a fickle way
Of turning when she's caught you!

A Servant Worth Having.

A lady had issued invitations for a party of twelve and on the morning of the appointed day, when conferring with the footman, she discovered that one of the twelve silver shells in which scalloped oysters were to be served had been misplaced. Rigid search for the missing article having proved unavailing the lady decided that sooner than give up that particular course she would simply decline oysters when they were handed to her and so eleven shells would be sufficient. It happened that when the oysters were served at dinner the hostess was engaged in a very animated conversation with one or two of her neighbors and, forgetting her determination, took one of the shells of the oysters and set it before herself. If the servant's heart fell in consternation at this he gave no external sign of it, but, speaking in tones distinct, though low, said, respectfully: "Excuse me, madam, but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Odo Russell's Rule.

When Lord Ampthill was a junior clerk in the foreign office Lord Palmerston, then foreign secretary, introduced an innovation whereby, instead of being solemnly summoned by a verbal message, the clerks were expected to answer his bell. Some haughty spirits rebelled against being treated like footmen, and tried to organize resistance, but Odo Russell, as he then was, refused to join the rebellious movement, saying that whatever method appleased him most quickly of Lord Palmerston's whims was the method which he preferred. The aggravated clerks regarded him as a traitor to his order, but he died an ambassador.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Absent-Minded.

Professor (after having been absorbed for hours in a pile of rare manuscripts)—"Let me see, I was going to do something—what the deuce was I going to do, anyway? (After thinking half an hour.) Oh, yes, now I remember, I wanted to go to bed."—Fliegende Blaetter.

HAD NO SUMMER.

Peculiar Condition That Prevailed in the Year 1816.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1840, and from them the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out, and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cool days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but as the days grew longer the air became colder, and by the 1st of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the corn fields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop. By the last of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed. There was a seven-inch snow-fall in Maine, a three-inch fall in the interior of New York state, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come. It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens. On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. At about 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look up his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said, jokingly:

"Better start the neighbors soon; it's the middle of June, and I may get lost in the snow."

An hour after he left home a terrible snow storm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and, as there was so much wind, the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the fence and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of. His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on a side hill, with both feet frozen; he was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

A farmer near Tewksbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires around the field to keep off the frost. Nearly every night he and his men took turns in keeping up the fires and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.

July came in with ice and snow. On the Fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York and in some parts of the state of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the East had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze and died.

To the surprise of everybody August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost. Snow fell at Barnet, 30 miles from London, England, on Aug. 30. Newspapers received from England state that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation, and thousands of persons would have perished in this country had it not been for the abundance of fish and wild game.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

FEMININE NOTES.

Florists and wine merchants say that they can not complain of business. People will have luxuries though they let the bills at the bakers' wait for payment.

The fur that has figured on the street costume this winter can be made to do service on negligees for summer wear, as fashion has decreed that such use of it is permissible.

The woman of an economical turn of mind never throws away a dress skirt. It is made to do duty as a petticoat when its days of usefulness as an outside garment are at an end.

It is all very well for the button man to wear whatever eccentric costume he chooses. But something ought to be done to prevent him from embarrassing feminine pedestrians by his exaggerating bows and remarks.

Quite a little amusement was occasioned in a Chestnut street car yesterday by the entrance of a little Blenheim spaniel, which had escaped from its owner and had followed a stranger. A frantic woman on the sidewalk vainly tried to discover where her pet had gone and the awkward endeavors of the conductor to secure the naughty canine made a picture that had its distinctly humorous side.—Philadelphia Times.

WHERE CULTURE FAILED.

After years of application,
With a master's touch acquired,
She resumed her humble station,
Music-teacher hired.
Something simple, she reflected,
Would most tickle her relations;
Consequently she selected
"Home, Sweet Home"—with variations.
When they came to hear her play,
Ere the last notes died away
Spake her father, coaxing-slow:
"That is fine, we will allow, dear,
And well done we're sure, but now, dear,
Play us something that we know."
—Edward W. Barnard in Philadelphia Press.

Haste in Courtship.

Among the many faults of the nineteenth century is often reckoned haste. The world, one says, is full of hurry and bustle, time is outrageously dear. Yet in the business of courting men are marvels in patience and leisureliness when compared to what they were in middle ages. They liked then to commence a courtship of what is regarded now as the next to the last word in it—"Will you marry me?"—and they had little use for preliminaries. If the gentlewoman was wise and virtuous she of course knew immediately what to say, for she previously had been informed of her suitor's fortune, as he of her dowry, and a few minutes only were necessary for the young people to see whether they were mutually agreeable or not.—Emily Stone in Lippincott's.

Theory and Fact.

Teacher—Johnny Jones is ten years old, and his sister is fifteen years older than Johnny. Now, how old is Johnny's sister?

Pupil—Nineteen.

Teacher—How can you be so stupid?

Pupil—Guess I know what my sister says, and she's fifteen years older than me.—Boston Transcript.

A Bargain.

Mrs. Youngbub—"Oh, Freddy, I have such a surprise for you."

Youngbub—"You have, love?"

Mrs. Youngbub—"Yes, dear. See this sweet little dog I bought for us—only $10, and the dog-seller warranted him to be a pure mongrel."—Sketch.

Hood's Pills

Cure sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, gas in the stomach, distress and indigestion. Do not weaken, but have tonic effect. Price 25 cents. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

EVERY PART MADE UPON HONOR

MODEL 1.

MODEL 2.

TOLEDO BLADE BICYCLE.

Shipped to any part of the United States by freight, and the Weekly Blade one year to any address, ordered for

only... $45.00

Last year we sold all the Toledo Blade bicycles we contracted for, and every buyer was perfectly satisfied with his bargain. Toledo is the bicycle manufacturing center of the United States. It has more bicycle factories than any other city in the world. It also is celebrated for having the most widely circulated weekly newspaper in the United States—the Weekly Blade. Hence it is in accord with the fitness of things that we should combine an excellent bicycle with our subscription offers.

THE TOLEDO BLADE BICYCLE,

pattern of 1897, is a STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS machine, built on honor, adapted for all uses and for all roads, that we can offer to our readers FOR CASH, at a price considerably less than even cheap machines are sold.

This wheel is built to retail for $85, and we guarantee it to be fully equal to any wheel that retails for even $100. The cheapest bicycle now sold in the United States and built to sell in competition with good wheels, retails for $50 to $65, but you must remember that such wheels are not worth any more than this price. They are not durable, nor adapted for ordinary country roads.

We want it distinctly understood that the wheel we now offer is actually worth from $85 to $100, and can not be bought any place else in the world, except of the Toledo Blade, for less than $85. But we will sell it for

$45.00 CASH.

The wheels will be shipped by freight to the address given, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of wheel. This will be but a small sum, as the crated wheel is light.

Above we give small cuts of the wheel, both ladies' and gentlemen's pattern, which give a fair idea of its appearance.

THE 1897 PATTERN.

Both patterns of the Blade bicycle are a decided improvement over that of last year. Here are the specifications of both. Model 1 is the gentleman's wheel. Model 2 the lady's wheel.

The frame is of the latest large tube pattern, either diamond or drop, made of Elwood seamless cold-drawn steel tubing, reinforced throughout. The regular height of Model 1 is 24½ inches, 26 inches when so ordered. Regular height of Model 2, 21 inches; 23 inches when so ordered.

The front forks are much improved over last year. They are reinforced at both top and tips, with a solid drop-forged crown, strong, light and durable. The crown is nickel-plated.

The regular wheels are 28-inch of both models, but we will furnish Model 2 with 26-inch wheels when so ordered. The rims are Plymouth interlocking rock elm. The spokes are tangent double-swaged, of cold-drawn steel piano wire, rolled thread, turned brass nipples. The hubs are the latest barrel pattern, turned from solid bar steel ball cup. We furnish either Morgan & Wright quick repair tires, or Vim single tube.

In the sprockets we have a decided improvement in making the rear one detachable. Both are of drop-forged steel; they are simple, strong, light and durable.

The regular gear is 68 for Model 1, and 60 for Model 2; but we will furnish higher or lower, if desired.

The pedals are the King, combination rat-trap and rubber.

We furnish regular handles of medium drop, but will furnish, if desired, upturned, ram's-horn, or of reversible wood; furnished with the best grips, English pattern.

The chain is Humber pattern, with solid center and hardened rivets.

Our new crank is splendid. It is made of special spring steel, hardened, threaded for pedal and keyed to the axle with a tapering key, the most reliable method known; the crank has 6-inch throw.

The wheel base is 42½ inches. Model 1 weighs 23 pounds, Model 2, 24 pounds.

The saddle is the latest design. On Model 1 it is hygienic, open top, laced and padded; on Model 2 it has hygienic padded top, special design for this wheel.

The finish is glossy jet-black enamel or of dark maroon, when ordered, striped with gold; all the bright parts first fully polished, heavily copper-plated and then nickeled.

The bearings are entirely dust-proof, highly polished, and ground perfectly true. The balls are standard size, 156 to each machine, 3-16 and ¼ inches in diameter.

Wood guards are furnished regularly, but we will furnish steel if ordered.

The tool bag contains a full set of tools, including repair kit.

We supply but this one grade of wheel, it being the very best we can get. But we will supply

BOTH GENTS' AND LADIES' W

OUR COZY CORNER.

SPRING HAS COME AND WITH IT FICKLE WEATHER.

But With It Too Are Singing Birds and Brightly Blooming Flowers.

Life will yield its own to each,
Let nothing slip beyond your reach;
For in its wise economy
All things are good. To use aright
Is the true secret of the master's might
And he who with sincerity
Still follows well the light within
Shall make and shape the greater light
For which we wait. The grander day
It is with you to usher in.
Its call is sounding even as we speak;
Shall you its voice obey,
Or shall you craven prove and weak?
A land of promise is your own;
But promise in itself alone
May be but subterfuge, and cloud the way.
'Tis action, action, the world needs,
They only live who mark the way with deeds.
—Mrs. Charles Kendall Adams.

So many of us lose so much that should be "our own" in life, because we do not take all that comes in our way of happiness. We look beyond the small things, that might make us better, or happier, every day, in our endeavor to reach the greater things which seem to be more desirable from the very fact that we cannot reach them, and so we go on through life making it a vale of sorrow and disappointment instead of endeavoring to turn the rivers of helpfulness and kindness into the wilderness around us, making it a city of habitation for the poor and the needy.

And we must never forget that these words do not alone apply to a lack of material comforts; there is a spiritual poverty and need that is far more common than we think, and which can be helped and banished by the constant and thoughtful love that is always on the watch to comfort and cheer with an encouraging word, a pressure of the hand, may be, in passing; a gift—no matter how little its value—sent at a time when one is feeling particularly alone.

Of course we all know by personal experience at one time or another in our lives, of the wholesome effect of these little attentions, but, alas, do we always practice them, or do we lose the things that might be ours—the satisfaction that doing as we would be done by always brings to each and everyone.

And this, I take it, is true Christianity—to be patient under the trials that come to us; to remember and count up our blessings instead of our troubles; to give the best of ourselves to helping those whose "best," is very poor; and to be thankful that good is accomplished in the world, whether it be accomplished by us, in our way or not.

And, in such a life, it matters not by what denominational name you are called here, you will certainly have the satisfactory answer to your own conscience, which only can give man perfect peace.

Marian has an inquiry to make, in which some of our correspondents will be interested as many of those who frequent the Cozy Corner have passed the fortieth mile-stone in life's journey, and there are very few of us, be we forty or eighty, who have not a justifiable pride in dressing in a becoming manner:

I have been benefited so much by reading the pure and elevating words of dear Miss Bouton in the Cozy Corner of The Blade, also letters by many of its contributors, that I wish I could express in fitting words my appreciation of the same. But if it is true that thankful thoughts go out to the ones of whom we are thinking, these same, kind, unselfish friends who send through the Household, these precious gems to us, must often feel the blessing which these thoughts bring home to them.

In a late issue of The Blade, we are invited to give our ideas, or impressions concerning people who are growing old. I will relate a little circumstance that first brought to my own mind the fact that I was no longer young.

I am 41, and it was when at a cloak establishment I was trying on different garments hoping to find something to suit my fancy, when in came a lady, (five years my junior.) Stepping up to me and speaking in a low impressive tone, she said: As I then had on a short jacket, "I ought to tell you that it will never do for you to wear one of those, you are a little bit too old."

How many times have those words rung in my ears. Till then I had, truly, never given the subject a thought, or had a doubt but that anything in good taste was suitable for me at my age. This same lady was selecting a short jacket for herself. Will some of my sisters tell me if she was right.

Since that time the question of what I ought, or ought not to wear has given me so much trouble that I find more pleasure in staying at home, where I at least may not be subject to criticism, for the manner in which I dress, or the style of same.

I am a farmer's wife. My time is so much taken up with the cares of my home and the dear little ones who are under my care, that the subject of dress is almost distasteful to me, although I love as much as any one can to appear in proper apparel.

But, if when the first gray hairs appear we are to be brought to task for our manner of dressing, it will be a sad thing to grow old. I do not approve of matrons dressing in loud or gaudy colors and always preferred quiet styles.

We should think more than once before we bring disquiet to others who may already have all the troubles they can well bear.

I really wish some of our members who can, would give us some ideas of how a woman of my age and older—who is just grandmamma for the first time, ought to dress.

I think that none of us who have read Frances Howard's letters in the Household, have thought of her as an "old" woman, but here is her confession:

I had for some time realized that I could not do quite so much work without tiring; that my regular after-dinner nap had become more of a necessity than a pleasure; that my daughters were taking upon themselves more and more of the responsibilities of the house-keeping, but I felt well; was busy about something most of the time, and took, as far as I could see, as much interest in everything that was going on in the world as ever I did, and, in spite of the warnings I had and the fact that two little children called me grandma, I never once thought that I was growing old.

Occasionally when I would see one of my schoolmates, after a long absence, I would notice that she was "ageing," and in a vague sort of a way, would think that, as we were nearly the same age, she might possibly think the same of me, but it was finally borne in upon me that I was, really and truly an old woman.

I entered a street car one day, and found the seats all filled. A rough looking man turned to a boy at his side, and said: "Where's your manners? Can't you give the old woman your seat?"

It was not spoken unkindly, nor with any lack of respect to me, and in view of the fact that I have always strongly advocated the use of the word "woman" instead of "lady," I could not well feel offended at his remark, but I confess that as I took the proffered seat, I felt as if some one had struck me a blow, and I rode far past the street where I was to leave the car, so busily was I thinking and endeavoring to reconcile myself to the idea that the man had correctly designated me.

I admit it took me many days and cost me many tears to think that I was being counted as one who had passed the period of usefulness and was, or soon would be, relegated to the corner and the easy chair. But it is all right to me now. I have had my work in the world to do, and the time in which to do it. New demands and new methods are now required to keep up with the onward march of the world, and younger women are ready to do the work and to do it better, more in accordance with modern thought than those of my generation could.

So while I shall still keep moving and doing all I can to help, just as long as the Lord sees fit to leave me here, I am content to be considered as an old woman.

Yet you are not "old" my friend, so long as you keep the spirit of doing and helping so fresh and bright within you. The man simply saw that the bloom of physical youth had departed, and saw no deeper. Do not accept "the warm corner and cosy chair" so long as you do not need them.

A friend from Kansas, who signs her letter "T," speaks of the "curfew" ordinance which is being agitated in many cities. This subject appeals to parents all over the country whose children are exposed to the many temptations of the streets, and who cannot be restrained from them by any parential authority:

A rather remarkable incident occurred in The Blade of January 28. I cut out for my scrapbook a humorous piece of poetry entitled "The Curfew Will Not Ring To-night." It is the rejoicing of a youngster at the failure of the mothers of Hornellsville, N. Y., to secure a curfew ordinance.

Turning the scrap of paper containing this, before pasting it, I found on the other side, these extracts from an article by Miss Bouton:

"Fifty boys a day in a single city, arrested for committing crimes that render them amenable to the law!" • • • •

"The chief of police attributes the trouble largely to the fact that these boys are allowed to run the streets day and night."

The editor advises compulsory attendance upon kindergarten, and later upon manual training schools, and a curfew ordinance, if parents cannot, or will not, control their children with regard to street wandering.

The editor and chief of police coincide in the belief that the trouble lies in the fact that these boys have nothing to do, and are left to their own undirected ingenuity to fill up this time, which, of course, will never be a blank.

There are other pitfalls beside idleness and neglectful parents, as the editor indirectly admits. I suggest that our Cozy Corner discuss this subject. With your permission, I will lead.

The remainder of this letter will be given next week; meantime, let all thoughtful parents consider the question and how it will affect them and their children, to have the curfew bell ring at a reasonable hour of the night.

Nettie asks what would be proper refreshments to serve to a party of a dozen fashionable ladies, and what entertainment for them shall be arranged.

As Nettie did not give any particulars as to whether the entertainment was to be held in the afternoon or evening, or what was the usual form of entertainment in her city at such functions, it is difficult to advise. What has usually been the programme at the club meetings, for I understand by your letter that you are to entertain in your turn, a regular meeting of the ladies—do they have literary work, readings, etc., or have the very popular guessing games, sew for the church or devote themselves to card playing? Think of what other members of the club have done, and, while not exactly following their ideas, arrange something that will be in line with the usual arrangements.

So for your refreshments. Have the same style of supper for whatever you serve with some original variations suited to your taste, or means. Make your table and your rooms look as pretty as you can with flowers and the many dainty little knick-knacks that you have doubtless. Ask some bright young lady to assist you in entertaining your guests and serving refreshments.

Then put on your most becoming gown and remember that you are in your own house, and your desire is to give your guests a pleasant afternoon, forgetting entirely what you have said to me about not being used to society, etc. Do not think for an instant of anything of the kind. Satisfy yourself that you have done the best you could, and then meet your guests as if they were your neighbors and friends, and be assured all will go well.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth to me in his gifts?

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

A Saucy Chat.

Mrs. A. L. C. writes to the Cook telling her a tale of woe concerning the difficulties she meets with in regard to sauces. She does not understand the names of some of them and asks that the following be explained. She sent a longer list, but as our space is somewhat limited, we will give her a few only of those that seemed to trouble her most:

Suedoise is a somewhat new sauce and is a combination of horseradish and mayonnaise mixed to suit one's taste. It is used more especially with boiled fish of any kind.

Hollandaise Sauce.

Rub to a smooth paste 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; place the bowl containing it in a pan of hot water and add 1 cupful of boiling water, stirring constantly till smooth as cream. Add ½ teaspoonful of salt, take the sauce from the fire and add gradually the beaten yolks of 2 eggs; the juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoonful of onion juice and 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Serve with boiled or baked fish and fish croquettes.

Sauce Tartare.

This is made by mixing 3 chopped olives; 1 gherkin and 1 tablespoonful of capers very fine and adding them to ½ pint of mayonnaise. A tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar may be added, if you prefer. To be used with lobster chops, and any cold meats.

Celery Sauce.

To be served with boiled fowls. Clean and cut into small pieces 5 roots of celery. Put in a sauce pan and cook slowly till very tender, then press it through a colander. In a frying pan melt 1 tablespoonful of butter; add to this 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 cupful of milk and the celery; stir continually till it boils, season with salt and pepper to taste.

Bechamel Sauce.

Melt, without browning, 1 tablespoonful of butter, add 1 tablespoonful of flour; when smooth add cupful of good meat or chicken stock and ½ cupful of cream. Stir continually till it boils, take from the fire and add the beaten yolk of 1 egg, and salt and pepper to taste. This sauce is usually served with sweetbreads, cutlets, baked or boiled fish and poultry.

White Sauce.

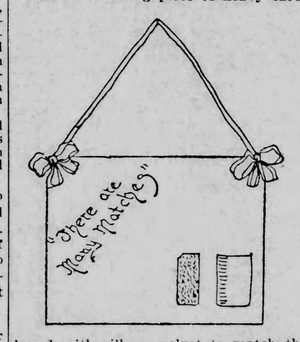
This is the foundation of many other sauces, is used for turbot, escalloped dishes, etc.

Mix with 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 tablespoonful of salt; add 1 pint of white stock, stir till it boils, season with salt and pepper. Milk is very frequently used in the place of the stock, and is preferred by many persons.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin. —Voice of the Silence.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

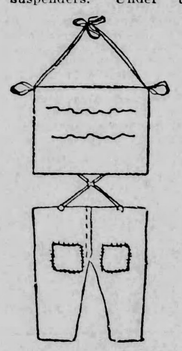
So many times the wall paper of a room is disfigured by some careless person scratching matches on it. This is so easily prevented by placing a piece of sandpaper near every match-holder. Mrs. L. Day sends us a design for a combined match-holder and scratcher: Cover a square or oblong piece of heavy card-



board with silk or velvet to match the color design of the room. In the lower right-hand corner fasten a small box for holding the matches and a piece of sandpaper. Across the upper left-hand side of the board paint or embroider this verse:

"Some matches are made in this world,
Some are made above.
Some are full of brimstone,
And some are full of love."

Another match-holder is made in the shape of a pair of trousers with patches of sandpaper fastened to the seat, and these are hung under a match box by ribbon suspenders. Under there is

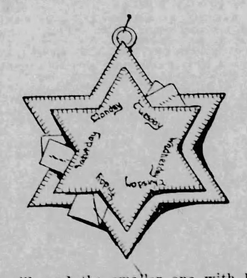


a card bearing the inscription: "Scratch your matches on my patches."

As a help to forgetful people, Mrs. L. L. sends us a design for making what she calls

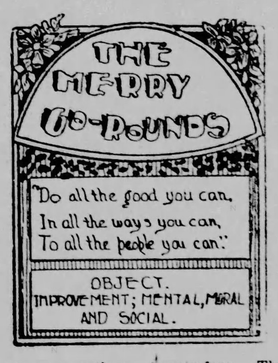
An Engagement Calendar.

Cut two six-pointed stars from heavy cardboard. Cut one about ten inches and the other seven inches from point to point. Cover the larger one with velvet



or silk and the smaller one with linen. On the smaller one, print or paint the days of the week.

Sew the stars together by fastening each point of the smaller star, as shown in the illustration. Fasten a ring to one point of the larger star to hang the calendar up by. In the pockets formed by the smaller star place a memoranda of engagements for each day.



One, two, three, twenty-four. That isn't just the way the School Mistress would allow the children to count, but it tells you how many letters Miss Prudence received from her girls and boys this morning, and they are all very nice letters, too, showing that the members of the M. G. R., are not foolish young people who write for their own amusement only, but are thoughtful on many subjects and are determined to help themselves and others to become wiser and better men and women than any of us can be without mutual assistance.

As the soldier who helped us to win the liberty we now enjoy must ever have the place of honor, we will first give our attention to the "Corporal of the Post," whom we hope will consider himself an honorary member of the M. G. R., even if he does not count himself as one of our "rank and file:"

Miss Prudence, permit me the privilege of asking a question to decide a dispute. A neighbor says the "Tower" of Miss Prudence is only an imaginary trip, written by each state president. I claim that it is a real trip through the various places spoken of. Which of us is correct?

I am not an M. G. R., though I am a G. A. R. man, and if I had been the escort through the Keystone state I would have advised visiting some of our great coal mines, "Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground." And the great battlefield of Gettysburg, where many brave heroes who wore the blue and the gray sleep in peace beneath the glorious stars and stripes.

We read the M. G. R., "my wife and I," and are very much interested in the column.

I like the Toledo Blade, may it never be sheathed while an enemy of American liberty exists, whether foreign or domestic and when all the enemies of liberty have gone to the shades of eternal night may its polished blade still shine on with undimmed luster.

Your neighbor is right. The "tower" was written up from letters sent by the state presidents and others who "entertained" Miss Prudence with a description of the various attractions they would have shown her, if she could have visited them in person. The idea was to give the M. G. R.'s a slight knowledge of some of the places of interest in the different states, as the space allowed us in The Blade is so limited, this plan could not be carried out as fully as could be desired, but as far as possible, each state was represented. That its object was accomplished to a certain degree has been proven by the congratulatory letters received at this office in regard to it. One man, not a member of the M. G. R., wrote that he learned several things about his state and even in his own city that he had not been aware of before Miss Prudence wrote about them.

One of our long-ago correspondents, "Crossie" by name, comes back to us today, and we are ready to excuse her long absence, and give her a hearty welcome in return for her chatty letter, and hope she will not again remain away for so long a time:

It has been so long since I have been a contributor to the M. G. R. Circle that I am not sure but that I ought to introduce myself again, though I am evidently not the only one of the older members who has been silent for some time, as I see very few of the old names among the many new ones.

If Stephen will bring that "shooting outfit" out this way we will try our skill. I and one of my boys—we are a tie—have succeeded in making and maintaining the best record among our immediate neighbors.

I do not think Little My need object to the Teachers' Circle, for while it will tend to classify our letters, still if we are not "talk shop" too much she may still find that part of the column worth reading. While we are first, last, and always teachers, we are also fully alive to everything pertaining to the M. G. R. Circle.

I would like to oppose my opinions to those of Lavallet in some particulars. If the parental autonomy of which he speaks operates to cheat the child out of its education, then that parental autonomy ought to be set aside. No parent ought to be allowed, either through ignorance or any other cause, to interfere with the development of the coming generation.

Of course, there are always exceptions to every rule, but I know from my own experience that there are everywhere parents who seem utterly oblivious to the education of their children.

I confess that I do not understand how the law in question could bring about less general education.

Phrenologist names quite a few charming requisites that must pertain to the future Mrs. Phrenologist, but no doubt the most notable of the list (in his estimation, at least) is the last, namely, she "must be congenial to Phrenologist."

C. E. Palmer sends a beautiful conception of the meaning of O. W. Holmes' poem as his contribution to the "Teachers' Circle":

I think the last stanza in Holmes' Chambered Nautilis means that we are all shut from heaven, and though each good deed makes our hearts grow more vast, yet we are still shut from heaven, but with a dome more vast, and therefore nearer heaven than before.

I think the theme in Collins' Ode on the Passions is the effect of music on the mind.

From a town that is a namesake of a noted Russian City, and situated in one of the farthest Western states, comes an applicant for membership who signs his very pleasant letter, "Vivian, the Frenchman."

Have you room for one more stranger in your "merry" circle? If so, here is a hand-shake all around. My uncle takes The Blade, and myself and sister "grab" for the inside sheet so we may read the M. G. R. letters. We get The Blade Sunday morning and I read and she listens.

I find that the M. G. R's. are "Many girls of many kinds, many boys of many minds." But of all the boys, or girls either, I haven't noticed a single one of my occupation. Supposing you guess what I am. I know what Miss Prudence will say—"A poor writer." Well, that gies with it, it is done in such a hurry.

I think "Bonnie Burnie" has a fine occupation. I, too, can cook, and I am glad of it, for I think boys should learn housework so that they can help their mothers and sisters. My sister keeps house for me while my father and mother live out on a ranch five miles from here. She has a wheel and when she wishes she goes home and stays a day or so, during that time I do my own work and also the housework.

N. E. Girl, I think I am your "ideal," only I'm not so "arful" brave as some boys, although I'm no coward. I use tobacco in one form—a cigar once in a great while. I never taste liquor, as I belong to the L. O. G. T. and have never been "scolded" by the "chief" for using any profane language. My worst habits are novel reading and joke playing, so sister and mother say. If I please, I'm on the grand stand, for sale, if Sis will let me go. But let me ask a few questions first: Can you live on $45 a month? I get $50, but will keep five for my own use. Are you a good cook? Can you do all kinds of housework—sew, darn and patch? Are you good tempered? Do you rise early in the morning? If you can answer these in the affirmative I am at your beck and call.

With a few words in private to Miss Prudence I will close. I am what is called a railroad man—a W. U. telegraph operator. I am aware of the name the railroad men have, and am sorry it is so, Dear Madame. I would like to say that I try to live an upright and honest life. I have a pure and lovely sister, who guides me right, in my opinion, and I could not stand to disgrace our name for her sake. I wish to join the M. G. R's. because I think it a good idea, and will try to live up to the motto.

Miss Prudence gives you the private note also, in order that you may all know just what kind of a man you are to vote upon. Shall a man who is able to so appreciate his sister be refused admittance to our circle? I think not, but shall be glad to hear from you on the subject.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity.

Down the Mississippi.

BY EMILY S. BOUTON.

III.

No realistic visions of "blizzards" came to disturb our serenity as we approached the Crescent city, for the sun still shone brightly down upon the oaks and magnolias, upon the gardens and the moss-draped cypresses, that, here and there, made a solemn background to the brighter pictures.

From Baton Rouge downward to New Orleans the shores are known as The Coast, and the ever varying scenes grow in interest and beauty. How we did ply the good natured officers of that boat with questions! And not we alone but all of the other passengers upon the boat who were flying hither and thither, now in the pilot house, then as we turned to a landing, down upon the lower deck awaiting the moment when swift feet would carry them ashore to feel the touch of terra firma once again!

All along down from Bayou Sara are sugar plantations, with their refineries whose tall chimnies point upward to the blue skies, while at their feet are rows of white-washed cabins where those who are employed live. At some considerable distance away usually, stately mansions are seen that recall the stories of the old-time hospitality of the South.

For the last few years the sugar planters have been very prosperous. When they are so, they spend money freely, enjoying what are called the good things of life. They employ negro help for the most part, and what troubles they do have with these poor fellows, greatly higher in the scale than the rous about, and yet so careless and improvident! Let them get a little ahead with their wages, and they at once grow restless and nothing can keep them from moving away. The planter knows that as soon as their money is exhausted they will be ready to return, so he often sends an agent after them when the working season arrives, and they are brought back to do the same thing over when the opportunity comes. And yet the planters would not like to go back to the old slave days, for now their responsibility for these laborers begins and ends with their employment, whereas of yore, it continued the year through, during the whole time of their ownership.

Between the great sugar plantations, and stretching down to the very outskirts of the city are the "quaint old settlements" of the Creole and Acadians. Passing these we found ourselves drawing near the end of our downward trip and excitement reigned among the passengers. It was Sunday afternoon, and perhaps this was why we were disciplined by having our floating home tied to the bank for some hours just as we were so near as to almost see ourselves stepping ashore. By what potent influence the high wind which made this step necessary was raised, I do not know, but patience had an opportunity to get in a good deal of work for a season. Clover and I assured each other confidentially that we did not care, but when the boat was again in motion, I noticed a glad light in her eyes, and we paused not in the order of our going forth to see our approach to the Crescent city.

And what a city it is! Low lying, as if just emerging from the waves, its countless spires and tall buildings making a crescent into which we entered just as the sun was sinking low in the western sky throwing a flood of glory over the scene, we seemed in another land, strange and wonderful.

Stopping once before making our final landing, we found ourselves lying by a great steamer, an ocean giant in steel. It was the Milwaukee, the largest cargo vessel in the world. It belongs to the African Steamship Company and this was its first trip across the Atlantic, coming here to get freight for Liverpool. And only think of its carrying at one time enough cotton to load a freight train four miles long! It looked enormous, and we were told that it was nearly 500 feet long and had a depth from the main deck to the bottom of the third hold of 42 feet. Some more figures were given us, but I have forgotten them and as Clover is not at hand to jog my memory, I shall have to leave them untold. One or two more things I do recall—that the monster chewed 42 tons of coal a day, and that she carried a crew of 47 officers and men. Electric lights made every part of the boat brilliant, and showed to those who went abroad of her the superb finishings and furnishings of the officers' quarters.

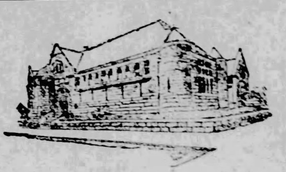
Another short ride and we were at the foot of Canal street, looking up into the heart of the great city with its flashing lights, and the moving crowd of people that were plainly visible. And here the pleasant group of passengers separated to go their different ways. Clover and I were to remain on board during our stay, for this is the pleasant arrangement of the Anchor line for those who take the round trip, so we said good-bye to the charming Rochtester family who had so keenly enjoyed the pleasures of the way to the genial Bay City people who were to join the Gates party on its return from Mexico; to the two Toledo gentlemen, business men who were seeking rest and enjoyment in this way and whose pardon I ask for not mentioning their presence before; to the intelligent couple from Montreal—to all of those the most of whom we should not perhaps ever see again we wished a bon voyage and farewell. "Our ships had met and passed," and we sent good will towards each and all of those whose faces had grown so pleasantly familiar.

How still the night was! No sound of rushing water through the wheels was heard, no noise of machinery, and the hum of the city so persistent at first was stilled. The boat did not rock us to sleep as usual, and it seemed for awhile as if this sudden change were to drive slumber wholly away.

On the morrow after a hearty breakfast Clover and I started upon our round of sight-seeing. A note had told us that at the Pickwick Hotel we should find Mrs. Foster who had come by rail from Helena to help us make the most of our two days' stay. Thither we bent our steps, found her, and then—I wish right here to express my admiration of her progressive powers and of Clover's. We went, and we went, and we went, until tight shut down, and compelled us to cease "wenting." While we could ride sometimes, for the most part we were compelled to exercise our own pedal extremities in order to reach what was best worth seeing. I do not believe many tourists see more than we did, even in a more extended time, thanks to the courtesy of our friend. Indeed there was so much that I can only speak of a few things which we found most interesting.

First we were conveyed through the old French quarters, always quaint and curious to those unfamiliar with their narrow streets, where the houses so closely approach each other, that the dames might visit together from window to window. In some places glimpses may be caught of flowers and gardens shut jealously away from the passer-by, but for the most part there is nothing attractive to the eye.

We entered the French Opera House and fortune favored us, for though preparations were going on for grand performances during the approaching Mardi Gras, we were taken upon the stage whence a fine view was had of the house which for so many years, since 1860, has been filled with the beauty and aristocracy of the city. It is the only place in the United States where a whole season of French opera is given by a company of artists brought from France for that purpose. In the garish light of day, the place looked old and dingy, but I have no



HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

doubt, that under the magic of hundreds of electric lights, it would be transformed into brilliancy. The audience room is oval in form, giving it great breadth and it has five tiers of seats after French fashion. It is considered one of the most perfect buildings of the sort in the country.

I should like to make the cold shivers run down the backs of my readers by telling them about the Haunted House, once a splendid mansion, but now for the most part tenantless. I wish I could take them through the Hotel Royal and into the great dining room, now unused, circular in form, and rising into an immense dome with rows of historical characters in bas relief, and fine frescoes in soft col-

OLD CATHEDRAL AND CIVIL COURT BUILDINGS.

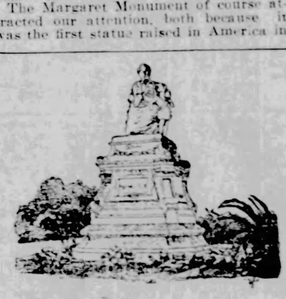
oring—a place full of historical associations, but time presses and I must hasten onward to the old Place des Armes now called Jackson Square. This was laid out in the long ago when the city was founded by Bienville and his 50 followers, and here were held all public meetings, and some of the most important events in Louisiana's history occurred in this very place.

Facing it from one side is the ancient cathedral flanked by the old Civil Court buildings. The cathedral has had sorry times, for a tremendous hurricane destroyed it in 1723, and then the one which replaced it was burned to ashes in 1788. It was again rebuilt by a wealthy Spanish nobleman in 1794. One of the most interesting things about it is the funny looking "beadle" a survival of the past in his cocked hat, red coat, sword and halberd, whose duty it is to keep order.

On one side of the cathedral is the antique Cabildo, which was the primitive capitol of Louisiana and is now used as the Supreme Court chambers. It was this building that was fitted up for the home of Lafayette when he visited New Orleans in 1826.

The Howard Memorial Library also attracts visitors. It was an offering by Miss Annie Howard to the memory of her father, and is a very unique building. This is the Miss Howard who was to become the bride of Chicago's mayor, Carter Harrison, had he not been so foully assassinated. We heard that the wedding bells were soon to ring for the plighting of her troth to another.

The Margaret Monument of course attracted our attention, both because it was the first statue raised in America in



MARGARET MONUMENT.

honor of a woman, and that this honor was given her because she did such a noble work for humanity in caring for orphan children. Poor and unknown, her name is now a household word in the Crescent city, and her memory reverenced by thousands and thousands to whom in life she was a stranger.

[To Be Continued.]

THE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

What His Wife Says About His Absence.

"Alice Livingstone," a London correspondent of the Boston Transcript, tells in a letter to that paper of having been to a dinner in London where she met Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Nansen. She says:

"I had met and talked with Mr. Rhodes before, but had never seen the great Dr. Nansen, who had only arrived in London a very few nights previously. He looked even taller and finer than I had expected, and I was especially struck by the almost piercing brilliance of his light blue eyes. They looked like the sea when the sun glitters upon it, and in the high, alert carriage of his head there was the suggestion of a man who gazes afar—for a ship or an iceberg. The squareness of the powerful determined jaw, and the peculiar way the mouth had of closing, enabled me to realize more fully than all the 'testimonials of valor' in the world could have done how he had gone through those terrible months of starvation and cold in his miserable hut on the ice.

"Mrs. Nansen appeared very small beside her big husband, and every once in a while during the evening glanced across at him, as much as to say, 'Well, you really are the finest man on earth, and not a dictator or any one else in the world is fit to brush the dust off your boots.'

"She is a plain little woman, dark, with no complexion in particular, no figure, no style, no great taste in dress, and she looks every day of her age. Still, from the very first glance at her one would know that those fine eyes, mobile lips, and the winning smile which flashed out so often belong to no ordinary woman. And when, in the drawing-room after dinner, she sang a pathetic little folk-song of her own country, the rich sweetness of her voice thrilled through every nerve in one's body with a joy that was almost pain. It was pretty, too, to see the little brown, capable-looking hands flash across the piano keys. When the men had been left to themselves by dint of manoeuvering I contrived to steal a chair for a few moments next to Mrs. Nansen.

"'Of course, we talked about her husband. She is one of those delightful women who are happiest when on that subject. 'I always knew he would come back,' she said. 'It used to seem to me that there was a telegraphic wire of sympathy between us, and all the terrible distance and the snow and walls of ice were powerless to destroy it. I used somehow to know when he was in greatest danger. Yes, I am sure of it, though people tell me I only think, now that I have heard exactly how he passed his time, week by week and month by month, that I was sensitive at the right moments.

"'If I had not felt so sure of the end, and that he was not to be taken from me, I don't know how I could have lived, even with the baby to take up my time and my thoughts. In the nights it was often terrible. I would wake up and shiver and think of the ice and snow, and things would seem hopeless for a few minutes. I had to force myself to sleep and then, in the morning, I could be brave again, and say to myself, 'He will come home again, all in good time.'

"'Oh, the day that he did come! How did I feel? I think that I felt a hundred ways at once; but do you know, I was outwardly quite calm when we met. Neither of us said much, but our eyes were not dry. And it was very interesting to show him the little one. I remember feeling a little like that once when I was a child and had a splendid Christmas doll, which I could hardly wait to display to a great friend of mine who had been away when the present came. There was so much to tell. I don't think we have finished telling things yet, either he or I. I run to look at him sometimes, to make sure that he is really there, and that it is not all a dream.'

"I asked her a little about the home they are said to love so well, and her description of the room where Dr. Nansen does all his writing, with its great, black rafters, its stores of curios, and the outlook from its windows, gave me an insane desire to fly thitherward at once. I inquired something about their plans.

"'We have so many,' she returned, brightly, 'both for pleasure and business. People have been very kind, and we are going about a great deal together. Sometimes, though, my husband must go alone to places where only men are asked. He is to dine at the Savage Club, of which I have heard so much next Saturday. He wrote his name on the wall there one night before he sailed on his long voyage, and while he was gone they had a frame put around the name, nailed to the wall, with glass to cover it. On Saturday he is to break the glass and write a new date, and perhaps something more.

"'He is to give forty-seven lectures before we say good-bye to England; then we shall go to Germany, about seven weeks from now, and in Berlin the Geographical society is to do something in his honor, as it is doing here, only perhaps on a larger scale. No, there are to be no lectures in Germany, though they wished my husband to deliver a course. Later come St. Petersburg and Paris, and then back to Norway again. It will not all rest here, for we shall have to attend more or less to the building of a new home, on land which belonged to my husband's grandfather. It will be a lovely place, we think, on the very high lands of Lysaker, Christiania Fiord. Next October we expect to go to America, where there is to be a long lecturing tour, and my husband and I are looking forward to it very much as we so like your country people."—Harper's Bazar.

A CONTRAST.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled.
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child.
Birds greeted her from every tree.
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss—
The weather was bad and folks were cross.
Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."
—Mary F. Butts, in Outlook.

A FEROCIOUS INSECT.

A Description Which Will Interest Young People.

If asked to name the thing I most dreaded when in the tropical forests on the Savannas, I think it would be the centipede. Scorpions are bad enough; some species of ants are extremely troublesome; various minute insects, like the "bete rouge" or red bug, the chigoe or "jigger," and the "garrapata" or wood-tick, are things to be avoided; but the centipede is by far the worst of them all. It has not, as its name would indicate, a hundred feet, but it has between thirty and forty, each one poisonous. And once let a centipede get on your skin and become alarmed, no power on earth can remove it quickly enough to prevent it from digging its venomous claws into your flesh. It moves with the celerity of "greased lightning," and when seen running across an open floor appears like a brown streak.

There is one other object more horrible to contemplate, and that is the tarantula, which also moves with surprising quickness. It does not glide, however, like a thing of evil, as the centipede does; but leaps directly at one with a viciousness not to be mistaken. I remember well my first attempt to capture one, in the beautiful botanical garden of Martinique, in the West Indies. I was strolling along the avenue of stately palms (since destroyed by a hurricane), when I saw a big tarantula directly in the path before me, half-hidden beneath the dead leaf of a bread-fruit tree. I had a stick in my hand and poked the spider to make it get into the open. Instead of turning about to escape, it made a leap for my hand, which it missed only by a few inches. That was enough for me; I did not crave a live tarantula for my collection, though a moment later there was a dead spider in the path. Even in death it is an ugly appearing thing, large and hairy, with legs that would stretch across a saucer.

On another occasion I saw a tarantula on the wall of a hut by the roadside, right over the doorway through which the occupants of the hut, a black woman and her children, were constantly passing. I called their attention to the creature, but they merely glanced at it carelessly and allowed it to retreat into the thatch of the roof.

There is, however, one spider larger than the common tarantula which is abundant enough to be an object of dread in the forests of the Guianas. This is the great bird spider, the "Mygale avicularia," which catches and kills not only birds but lizards, other small reptiles, and even young chickens. It builds its nests in the trees and there lies in wait, just as the house spider does for flies, leaping upon its victim like a tiger. It is, in fact, the tiger of the tribe and is justly feared by both birds and human beings.

In my excursions into the woods I used to pass an old tree, the trunk of which was slightly hollow. Beneath the overhanging bark above the hollow a family of bats had affixed themselves, six of them, hanging by their toes, head downward. They always clung in the form of a triangle, three bats in the upper row, then a row of two, and one at the bottom. One day I passed the lower-most one, but the next day its place had been supplied. The following day two were gone; and when I inquired of my negro guide the reason and manner of his takin off, he informed me that probably a bird spider had captured him.

At another time I was hunting along the shore for small birds among the sea-grapes, the hanging racemes of creamy white flowers attracting birds and insects, owing to the honey which they contained. The first bird I shot there was a black-and-yellow "banana eater," so called from its liking for ripe and all sweet things, a frequent visitor to the sugar plantations during the fruiting season. It fell, as I fired, into a dense cluster of sea-grapes; another bird attracted my attention just then, and at first noting the location of the one I had shot, I went in pursuit of the second.

I soon returned, but could not find my bird, though I knew he must be close by where near. As I was peering through the leaves, however, a slight rustling drew my attention to a very comical sight. It was a large lizard which, with one foot placed upon the bird I had shot, was intently watching me with his diamond bright eyes. He had stripped off some of the feathers from the dead bird, which he was busily devouring, having first drawn it some distance from the spot where it had fallen. A tuft of yellow feathers stuck to his nose, and these he vainly endeavored to scratch off with the claws of his right forefoot, at the same time eyeing me very suspiciously. First he would make a dig at his nose, then cock his head over to one side with a malicious gleam in his eyes, as if to ask what I was going to do about it. The whole proceeding seemed to me so entertaining that, as there were sugar-eaters in plenty, I was ready to leave Mr. Lizard in possession and go off in search of another bird.

But suddenly, just as I was turning away, a black, hairy object fell upon the lizard; there was a short, sharp struggle, and my predatory friend was still in death.

I was much disgusted at the termination of the adventure. I might easily have killed the spider (for such I was, but I did not; I left him to enjoy his double dinner of bird and lizard.

It was indeed a revolting spectacle to see that horrible thing descend upon its victim. Its bite or sting is said to be extremely poisonous, and I concluded that this must be so from the expedition in the manner in which it caused the death of the unlucky little reptile, itself as long as its slayer. The incident made me decidedly nervous. The hideous-looking, but harmless, iguanas have a habit of darting noiselessly through and over dead leaves on the ground; and for a long time, at every rush I would leap hastily aside, under the impression that it was one of those large and venomous spiders.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was a Scotch author, born at Huntley, Scotland, in 1824, and graduate of Aberdeen college. His intention was to follow the ministry, but he retired from this calling to enter upon literary pursuits. He wrote many poems, romances, novels and books for young people. He was at the head of a school for young ladies in London for several years, and was pensioned in 1877.

C. M. B.

2.—CHARADE.

My first and my second are sailor boys gay,
And surely it is not my fault;
For if you are bright you will see right away
That even my whole is a salt.

MOLLIE MOORE.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A ladder 25 feet long just reaches the top of a wall that rises from the edge of a ditch filled with water. The distance from the foot of the wall to the ditch is 8 feet, and the width of the ditch is equal to half the height of the wall. How high is the wall?

A. FAUL.

4.—SQUARE WORD.

X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X

1—A small piece.
2—A movable seat with a back, for one person.
3—To elevate.
4—A passage in a public building.
5—A forked instrument used by tailors in dressing cloth.

B. VAN NORMAN.

5.—QU

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Wallace's "Ben Hur."

"To settle a dispute, will you please answer this question: Is the world-famous book by Lew Wallace, called Ben Hur, a novel?"—M. A. C., Adrian, Mo.

Ben Hur is a novel, and we can not see how a dispute could arise over the point. Perhaps those who assume it is not do not know what novel really is. Here is the correct definition:

A novel is a fictitious tale, portraying real life, and especially emotional periods in the lives of the persons depicted.

Novels are grouped into two classes, the novel of life and the "idea" novel.

Novels of life are subdivided into two classes, the historico-descriptive (sometimes loosely called historical novels), which treat of national phases of men and manners; and those which treat of home life.

In the "idea" novel the story is subordinate to the elaboration of some idea. They may be classed as didactic novels, which make the story the vehicle for teaching some doctrine—political, social, moral or religious; and the artistic novel, in which the idea is subordinate to the form in which it is clothed.

Bayne's definition of the novel is excellent: "The novel is scientifically definable as a domestic history, in which the whole interest and all the facts are made to combine in the evolution of a tale of love."

Probably your doubters do not think Ben Hur fictitious, but it is. Although the scene is partly laid in Jerusalem, and Scriptural characters figure in its pages, it is no less entirely fiction, and most emphatically a novel, of the historico-descriptive class.

Bryan and Silver.

"If Mr. Bryan had been elected President could we have bought one hundred cents' worth of goods with a silver dollar?"—S. D. E. A., Hebron, Ind.

Your question is obscure in form. A cent is defined by law to be of the value of one-hundredth of a dollar. No matter what the value of a dollar may be, it always contains one hundred cents.

The question you evidently intend to ask is, had Bryan been elected, and a Popocratic majority in Congress, and had a free silver law at 16 to 1 been enacted, whether a dollar then would have bought as much as a dollar does now. The answer to that is, certainly not.

The silver dollar would have become the actual standard of value, and it would have been worth just what the silver in it is worth as bullion. At present a silver dollar has about 49 cents' worth of bullion in it. Under free coinage, it would buy only 49-100ths as much as a dollar buys now.

Who Was Youngest?

C. W. Taylor, Unionville, Iowa, sends this concerning the youngest soldier of the civil war:

"Malcolm A. S. Taylor was born July 18, 1844, enlisted in Company C, Thirty-Sixth Iowa, August 21, 1862, at the age of 18. James W. B. Taylor was born September 7, 1846, enlisted May 6, 1864, in Company B, Forty-Seventh Iowa, at the age of 17. Udell H. S. Taylor was born January 2, 1850, enlisted May 2, 1864, in Company B, Forty-Seventh Iowa, being but 14 years of age. All three were buried in Helena, Ark."

Johnson Was Impeached.

"Was President Johnson impeached?"—G. W., Sutherland, Iowa.

Had you taken the trouble to look in a dictionary and find the definition of the word "impeach," your question would have been answered. To impeach is to charge an official with crime or misdemeanor in office. President Johnson was impeached; that is, formal house of Representatives charged him formally with official misconduct. But on his trial before the Senate he was acquitted. The case is just the same as of a person who is indicted by a grand jury for some crime, but on trial is acquitted by the jury.

Civil Service Apointments.

"Many Republicans here say that officials appointed under civil service rules hold the office for life. I contend they hold office only four years from date of appointment to office. Who is right?"—W. M., Barrett's Ferry.

Neither of you are exactly right. Officials appointed under civil service rules have no term specified. They are not removable simply for political reasons, but may be removed at any time for incompetency, idleness, malfeasance, or any other good cause. It is possible that a man, who was thoroughly competent and efficient, might hold the place during life, but there is no time specified in the appointment.

Bicycle Gears.

C. L. C., Almeria, Neb.: The figures indicating the gear of a bicycle show the rapidity of its travel as compared with one complete revolution of the crank-shaft. The higher the gear, the further the wheel will go to each revolution of the crank, and, of course, the harder it is to propel it. A low gear means a slower rate, as well as an easier one; a high gear means faster travel and harder work.

None of the old high-wheel bicycles were geared.

The Red Cross Society.

D. A. H., Myrtle Point, Ore.: The Red Cross society was formed by an international convention held at Geneva, Switzerland, in August, 1864. Its object was the exemption from capture, and the protection under treaty, of those who were taking care of the wounded on battlefields, and also of such inhabitants of invaded territories as gave them shelter and assistance. It undertook to care for wounded men where they fell; no matter to which army they belonged.

The society adopted a uniform flag, to be recognized and protected by all belligerents; and also an arm badge corresponding to it, to be worn when in active service. The flag has a red cross upon a white ground; hence the name of the association. Geneva was the international center through which national committees might confer with each other, but each national society was responsible to its own national head.

The United States did not sign this treaty of neutrality, though twice solicited to do so, until March, 1882, though a society was formed in Washington in 1877, and reorganized at Garfield's accession, when he appointed Clara Barton president, in which position she has held down to the present time. Garfield was shot before he could sign the treaty, but his successor, Arthur, placed his signature to it, as said before, in March, 1882.

Clara Barton, who is at the head of the Red Cross society in the United States, was born in Oxford, Mass., about 1830. She became a teacher, and founded a free school in Bordentown, N. J. She opened it with six pupils, but when she left it had 600. She entered the patent office at Washington as a clerk in 1854, remained there till the war began, when she devoted herself to the care of the wounded on the battlefields. In 1864 Gen. Butler appointed her "lady in charge" of the hospitals in front of Petersburg. In 1865 she went to Andersonville to identify and mark the graves of Union prisoners. The same year President Lincoln put her in charge of the search for missing soldiers of the Union armies. She lectured on her war experiences in 1866 and 1867, and went afterward to Switzerland for her health. She aided the Red Cross society during the Franco-German war. In 1884, she had charge of the relief for the sufferers by the Ohio and Mississippi floods, and has taken the lead in all similar work in the United States since then.

To Polish Wood.

"Please tell how to polish wood to bring out the grain the best way."—D. W. G., Potts Camp, Miss.

This formula is for hard wood: After getting as smooth a surface as possible, apply a coat of silicate filler, which can be bought of any dealer in paints. When dry, rub smooth with sandpaper. Then apply a coat of varnish, allow to dry, and rub down with sand paper again. Varnish again, and when dry rub down with fine powdered pumice stone and linseed oil. Then you are ready for the final coat of varnish.

The Wooden Horse.

I. F. C., Rushford, N. Y., asks for an explanation of the reference in the following newspaper clipping:

"Rich Greeks are turning over all their blooded horses for use in King George's army. Yet even the horse with the longest pedigree will not be half as much use as a certain wooden equine with no joints of bygone days."

This reference is to the stratagem by which the Greeks captured Troy, as related by Virgil in the Aeneid. The story is this: The Greeks after besieging the city nine years, built a large wooden horse, in the hollow body of which armed men were concealed. The Greeks then struck their camp, and returned to their ships. The Trojans believed they had abandoned the siege, went out and occupied their camp. They believed the wooden horse had been built to appease the gods and drew it inside the city walls. The Greeks came back at night, and waited outside. The armed men inside the horse came out and opened the gates to the Greeks, who poured in upon the surprised Trojans, and burned and utterly destroyed the city.

Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

C. A. J., Deer Park, Md. The above is the name given to the slaughter of Huguenots in France on St. Bartholomew's day (August 24), 1572. A desperate struggle had been going on in France for years between the Catholics and Huguenots, in which both parties committed numerous outrages. Charles IX was king, but was feeble and completely under the influence of his mother, Catherine de Medici. As it was certain that neither Charles nor his brother Henry would have children, the next heir to the throne was Henry of Navarre, who was by birth and education a Protestant. In 1570 a peace was patched up between the Catholics and Protestants, which was to be made the more secure by the marriage of Henry of Navarre to Margaret of Valois, sister of the king. August 18, 1572 was the date of the marriage, and many of the leading Huguenots of France were gathered in Paris. On the 22d De Mauravel, known to be a creature of Catherine, attempted to kill Admiral Coligni, one of the foremost Huguenots. The Huguenots were alarmed, and made violent threats. Catherine persuaded her son, King Charles, that they were on the point of massacreing the Catholics, and that the only thing to be done was to anticipate them. Hence the king, on the night of the 23d, gave orders for a general massacre of Huguenots, the signal to be the tolling of the bell of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Orders were sent to the principal cities directing a massacre throughout France. At 4 a. m. the signal was given, and a general massacre begun. The slaughter lasted three days, and most of the Huguenots in Paris were killed. The most reliable estimate is that 30,000 were massacred throughout France.

Old Coins, Etc.

W. J., Detroit Harbor, Wis.: The rubbings you send are not of coins, but of little copper tokens made during the early years of the civil war. There was a great dearth of cents, and private individuals had these tokens made, which were used as cents until a law was passed forbidding it. There were hundreds of varieties. They are of no especial value.

Area of States.

F. M. L., Lockhart, S. C.: The area of a state can be roughly estimated from the measurement of its boundaries. Thus the state of Ohio is 200 miles north and south on the Indiana line. It is 200 miles east and west. It is not a perfect square, for Lake Erie has a southward bend on its north, while the Ohio river has a similar bend. But these two practically compensate each other, and the area of the state is given at 40,000 square miles. For an irregular state, the process is to divide it into geometrical figures—rectangles and triangles—find the area of each, and add them. The actual area is obtained by the surveys of the state, of course.

Two Words.

"Will you kindly indicate the proper pronunciation of 'Mare,' as applied in Mare Island; also of the name, Don Qixote?"—L. N. C., Florance, Mass.

The first is mare, a female horse; the second is Don Ke-ho-tah, accent on the second syllable.

Suffrage.

"What words can be used to convey the meaning of Suffrage?"—Patron, Ohio, Ill.

The word suffrage means a vote in support of some opinion, or measure, or candidate. Hence it has the secondary meaning of approbation, or consent. Its only direct synonym is "a vote."

The First Polygamist.

"By referring to Genesis iv, 19, you will see that Lamech was the first polygamist, and not Abraham."—C. M. B., South Bend.

No, that does not prove that Lamech was the first polygamist. It only proves that he was so before Abraham. He is the first polygamist mentioned in the Bible, but it does not say there were none before him.

Bryan's Tour.

"Did Wm. J. Bryan or his committee lay an assessment on certain towns during the campaign? Did he refuse to speak on any occasions where the assessment was not paid? Did he refuse to speak on any occasionsw here the assessment was not paid?"—C. H. J., Independence, W. Va.

Yes. The facts were that a great many towns were anxious to have Bryan come, and offers of money were made to get him; and only those invitations were accepted which were accompanied by offers of pay.

Miscellaneous.

A. L. E., Nevada, Ind.: Eggs are free of duty under the Wilson tariff law.

A. H. A., Sewanee, Tenn.: We do not recall the name of any such substance.

O. E., Glenwood, Ia.: We cannot translate the inscription. We fear you did not copy it correctly.

O. K. B., Mona, Iowa: Sorry, but you will have to excuse us. We can't publish lives of prizefighting brutes.

J. W. L., Riverside, Ia.: The Public Land Strip or Cherokee Strip is now part of Oklahoma Territory. See any good late atlas.

S. G. R., Drakola, S. D.: The internal revenue tax on matches was taken off some time about 1870, but we have not the exact date.

F. D. P., Madison, S. D., wants to know if alcohol has ever been frozen, and if so, by whom, and at what temperature. Who can tell?

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: If you will tell us whom you think was the greatest Roman general, we will publish a sketch of his life.

C. T., Lacota, Mich.: Your question has been handed the editor of the Farmstead department. Don't send such queries to the Bureau.

C. B., Clifton Station, Va.: Better communicate with "B. E. Fernow, Chief of Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

J. C. W. Mitchell, Ill.: Salicylic acid should never be used in canning fruit or any other article of food, because of its injurious to the system, especially to the kidneys.

C. C. B., Windsor, Pa.: The establishment at Denver is classed as a mint, but it does no coining. It is in reality only an assay office. As no coins are made there, no mint mark is used.

M. A. F., Elmira, Mo.: "Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens" in 2d Chronicles, vi:18, is simply a bit of Hebrew hyperbole. The Old Testament is full of examples. It does not mean more than one heaven.

H. U. M., Missouri Valley, Iowa: There is no simple test for detecting arsenic in foods. Any physician will allow you to read the tests used to detect it. You can take a portion of the fabric and submit to these tests.

I. H. J., San Marcos, Tex., desires to find the author of a quotation beginning: "The treasures of the deep are not so priceless" as which then follows, in substance, as is his lot, who is wrapped close in woman's love. Who can furnish the full quotation and author's name?

M. N., Vedersburg, Ind.: The article on credit foncier banking was published in The Blade early in January, and mention was then made of a movement in Chicago towards starting one. It has not yet been done. It takes time to convince men of large means that the plan is profitable, though it has proved so in France.

—One Hundred Doses One Dollar is peculiar to and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is economy to buy Hood's.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

Possible That It May Soon Be Accomplished.

San Francisco, April 5.—William Owen Smith, attorney-general of the Hawaiian republic, who has for several weeks been in Washington, conferring with President McKinley, Secretary Sherman and members of Congress concerning the desirability or possibility of Hawaiian annexation, sails to-day for Honolulu. His report will not be made public until it has been presented to his government, but it is understood that he holds to the opinion that annexation in the near future is among the probabilities.

As a result of the conferences he has held, he will also recommend a plan of action to his government which has been indorsed by Mr. Hatch, the Hawaiian minister at Washington. There are reasons for the belief that Mr. Smith will report that the annexation treaty which was drawn up during the closing days of the administration of President Harrison, but which was pigeon-holed by President Cleveland at the instance of the late Judge Gresham, will with some alterations be sent in to the senate by President McKinley when the tariff bill has been disposed of.

TO TEST THE QUART-SHOP LAW.

Case to Be Brought Up by the Saloon Keepers' League.

LaPorte, Ind., April 5.—The law passed by the last legislature abolishing quart shops under the operation of the Nicholson act will be tested in the courts. The test case will be brought in the Elkhart Circuit Court, and whatever the decision may be an appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court. It is said that the Saloonkeepers' League of Indiana is fighting the constitutionality of the law.

AIR

The Breath of Life.

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures.

"From our caption you might infer that I was about to inflict on you a disquisition on the nature of that divine essence which God 'breathed into the nostrils' of the first Adam, by which 'a form of clay became a living soul.' But I have no intention to indulge in any speculations regarding the origin of man, but from the standpoint of a physiologist and physician, to proclaim in language intelligible to all, certain practical facts of established knowledge regarding the influence of the air we breathe on our health and lives.

"To breathe is the first act of human life, and to cease to breathe the last. The infant gasps for air at its birth, and from that moment begins its existence. If it fails to do this it is dead at its birth, even though perfect in organism and capable of life. Under such circumstances, if we promptly inflate the lungs by blowing air into them, the whole machinery of life will often be set in motion and roll on unceasingly to the end.

"The air, therefore, is truly the breath of life, and its inspiration so necessary that it cannot be lessened in volume or diminished in purity without injuring our health; nor can breathing be stopped for even FIVE MINUTES without causing our death.

"The air we breathe is the power by which the impure blood of our veins is transferred into the pure blood of the arteries. The union of air and blood in the lungs is a chemical union, and can only take place in definite proportions. If the air is deficient in QUANTITY or defective in PURITY, the change does not take place perfectly, a portion of the blood's impurity is retained and continues to circulate through the system, weakening and deranging every organ through which it flows.

"Of late years a popular craze has sprung up for high altitudes. Invalids with weak and diseased lungs have been advised to go to the table lands of Colorado, New Mexico and the Adirondacks by those ignorant of the laws of health as not to know that the air is richer, purification of the blood more perfect, breathing freer and every health giving function better near the level of the sea.

"For all persons of small lungs or imperfect breathing power, the BEST air is found within thirty or forty miles of the seacoast, at an elevation of not more than 100 feet above the sea level—just enough, in fact, to avoid the bleak winds, humid atmosphere and frequent fogs of the coast.

"Every foot invalids ascend above that elevation makes their breathing more difficult, decreases their flesh and strength, and lessens their chance of recovery by treatment. To send lung cases to the Adirondacks or other high altitudes in mountainous regions after the lungs have become involved to any extent, is to rob them of every hope of cure and make their disease more surely fatal.

"These truths are the teachings of medical science. They are founded on the law of nature, which no man can transgress without injury and danger."

NOTE—A little booklet explaining all these things and telling you where to go and what to do for weak lungs, is published by Robert Hunter, M. D., Specialist, 117 West 45th street, New York. Readers of The Blade can obtain a copy without charge by writing to him for it.

BATTLESHIP IOWA.

Greatest Vessel in Uncle Sam's Fine Navy.

Boston, Mass., April 5.—On Wednesday next the gigantic battleship Iowa, Uncle Sam's newest and mightiest fighting machine, will be speeded on its trial trip over the government course off the New England coast. It is now on its way to Boston.

The big ship was floated out of the dry dock at the Brooklyn navy yard Friday, its bottom scraped and painted ready for the run. None of the battleships and cruisers that have achieved records on this course will make the trip so perfectly prepared. The reason for this is that heretofore the country has had no dry docks big enough to accommodate the vessels. There was one at Halifax, but the firm of William Cramp & Sons, the builders, were too patriotic to put their ships into a British dock for overhauling, preferring to sacrifice a premium money earned for excess speed instead. According to contract the Iowa must make an average of 16 knots an hour during four hours of continuous steaming, not including turns. For every quarter knot made in excess the builders will be entitled to $50,000 premium. For every quarter knot it may fall short of the contract speed they may be penalized a like amount. It is believed that the ship will make 17 knots an hour and win a premium of $200,000 for the Cramps. Six thousand gallons of paint were used on the hull of the Iowa. Two coats were given, and in some places three.

The course over which the Iowa will be tried is 42 nautical miles long. It starts from a point off Cape Ann on the coast of Massachusetts and ends off Cape Porpoise on the coast of Maine.

The Iowa will steam once over this course and return at full speed. Its time in making the turn at the Cape Porpoise end will not be counted, but the engines must not slacken speed in order that steam may not be "bottled up" in the boilers. It makes a flying start and an allowance is made for tidal currents. A staff of naval officials makes all the necessary observations and reports to the department. The Iowa will make a preliminary run over the course on Tuesday, if nothing happens, to get the kinks out of its machinery. On the eventful day, with picked stokers and engine men, with specially selected coal in the furnaces, and every bolt and screw ready for the steam, it will be in a condition to race for cash and glory.

On the 28th of March, 1896, the Iowa, the fourth of our first-class battleships, was launched. Appropriated for by act of Congress, approved July 19, 1892; the work was awarded to William Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 11th day of February, 1893, and on the 5th of August following the keel was laid. It will have cost over $3,000,000 when finally accepted by the government. The ship being of more recent design than the coast line battleships Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon, was purposed to excel these.

A NEW TAX.

Object of a New Organization in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., April 5.—Ex-Lieut. Gov. Percy Daniels has succeeded in interesting most of the leading statesmen of Kansas in an organization, the object of which is to operate a bureau of information concerning his scheme to tax inordinate wealth, and ultimately secure an amendment to the federal constitution giving congress the power to levy such a tax.

The organization is now working on a plan to arouse public interest all over the country on this subject. The Kansas legislature took up the question at its recent session, and adopted a resolution asking congress to submit a proposition to amend the federal constitution providing for a tax on inordinate wealth to a vote of the people. The legislatures of all other states will be asked to adopt similar resolutions. The promoters of the scheme look for local organization to spring up throughout the nation and make a national organization that will sweep the country as the Farmers' Alliance did the West a few years ago.

GRANT DECLINES.

Will Not Be the Assistant Secretary of War.

New York, April 2.—Colonel Frederick D. Grant has decided to decline President McKinley's offer of the position of first assistant secretary of war. He arrived from Washington early to-day and went immediately to his home in East Sixty-second street.

Do not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8 for men.

THE CRITICAL TIMES.

How the Louisiana Levees Are Being Held.

New Orleans, April 5.—This week tells the tale. Recognizing this fact, Governor Foster last night issued a proclamation to the people. He calls attention to the fact that the levee system, although not yet entirely perfected, is the bulwark of the state's salvation. Behind them lies one of the most fertile sections of America. Government and state aid has been extended, and the future depends upon the people. Trusted leaders are in charge of the work, and if the people help them properly, despite the fact that the flood apparently is the greatest ever known, all or most of the levees can be held, and the future will be bright, because the system will be strengthened and completed and the country will have confidence in Louisiana, her enterprises and her opportunities.

The sentiment expressed took root before it was uttered, for all along the Mississippi valley road between this city and Baton Rouge mass meetings were held and volunteer forces organized to keep strict watch on the banks and to labor day and night to strengthen them, even where the danger is not apparent except in the rivers' steady climb to the top of the protecting earthworks.

The warning of the weather bureau to abandon homes and seek safety in flight, has been disregarded and instead, men, women and children, white and black, are piling on dirt and building revetments, seemingly fascinated with the struggle against the attacking monster. So far there is not a break in the entire Louisiana levee, not counting the tributary bayou LaFourche, where the levees were known to be weak before the flood came. Lumber and sacks are being distributed everywhere, even nails are shipped by the carload, and there will be no lack of new work during the week. The only question is about the new work holding. In this the weather has been and will continue to be an important factor. So far the levees have been drenched and softened almost daily, and high winds have made the blows of the stream more powerful. Yesterday general sunshine raised the hopes and quickened the work of the army of protection, and a few more days of fair calm will see giant strides made in raising the barriers against overflow. The levee system has proven its value during last week's strain, but the test will grow greater day by day, and each day's story will be the record of a crisis met with a patience, vigilance, industry and heroism worthy of all praise.

Last night, by a curious coincidence, General Manager Thorne, of the Texas & Pacific, and General Agent Spelman, of the Illinois Central, who is also president of the Pontchartrain levee board, spent the night almost opposite each other, one at Lutcher, the other in St. James, distributing material to the planters, who say that if they are given supplies they will furnish the labor and hold the line. From this time on, the leaders in the various works will see little of New Orleans, giving every moment, night and day, to the supervision of the efforts in which all are so vitally interested.

Water is Fast Spreading Over the Whole of the Delta.

Memphis, Tenn., April 5.—Another disastrous break in the Mississippi levee occurred yesterday at Flower Lake, six miles below Tunica, Miss. The crevasse, while not yet of great width, is deep and the water is pouring through the opening with fearful velocity. This will probably be the most destructive break that has occurred in the delta. The most of the fertile farm lands of the Mississippi lying in Cohoma, Lafore, Quitam and Tallahatchie counties, in the northern part of the state, will be inundated and the newly planted corn crops will be laid in waste.

No loss of life is reported, but the condition of the poorer classes throughout the flooded area is critical.

Thousands of refugees are being huddled on levees and spots of high land waiting for relief. The towns of Rosedale and Tunica report that everything possible is being done for those poor people, but provisions and funds are fast becoming exhausted. In the little city of Rosedale alone 1,200 refugees are being cared for by the citizens. Half a hundred towns stand in six feet of water and the yellow stream is creeping up slowly but surely.

Another in Arkansas.

Advices just received tell of a break in the levee two miles south of Helena, Ark. This is the levee for which the people of southeastern Arkansas have made such a desperate fight. The waters from the break will flood a great area and in all probability will back up into the streets of Helena.

In the Mississippi delta water is fast spreading over the entire country, and the main line of the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley railroad is reported to be in a bad way. If their road goes under, not a line in the delta will be intact. Many thousand people have been homeless and appeals for aid have gone forth. In the low-lands of Arkansas a call for food has been made, and the people of Little Rock will take immediate action.

Starvation confronts 50,000 people. R. C. Graves and J. S. Menkin, of the Memphis relief committee, go to Washington to ask the general government to lend assistance. The local relief committee has demands that will exhaust all present funds. They are from Mississippi as far down as Greenville, and from nearly all Eastern Arkansas. The visitors to Washington will ask for $25,000 to be used in buying rations. Ten thousand dollars has already been expended by the local committee and probably $10,000 more of contributed provisions have been distributed.

The Terrible Deluge Continues in the Northwest.

Omaha, April 5.—Special telegrams to the Bee from points in South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska, bring word of increased floods in all the rivers. Rain has fallen almost incessantly for the last 72 hours over an area of more than one hundred miles in radius from Omaha, the fall being fully four inches for the time. This has greatly increased the volume in the already much swollen streams. Thousands of acres of farm land are under water from four to six feet deep, and many families have moved from their homes in boats. Along the James river in South Dakota, a great many farmers had gone back to their homes when the water receded early last week, and are now caught in this second flood. A Missouri steamboat has been sent from Yankton to rescue the sufferers along the James river. Sioux City reports that the Missouri has passed the danger line there and is overflowing the lower part of the city. Cherokee reports the second flood on the Little Sioux worse than the first. Repairs had commenced on the property damaged in the first deluge, but the property is being washed away. Railroad communication and most of the telegraph and telephone lines are down.

Pierre reports the Missouri clear of ice there, but the report from Bismarck is that ice on the upper river began to move last night. At Omaha, the Missouri is still within bounds, but preparations are being made against a dangerous flood.

Will Send a Message to Congress on the Flood.

Washington, April 5.—The situation in the flooded Mississippi district is being earnestly inquired into by the President and to-day the Arkansas congressional delegation headed by Senator Jones called upon Mr. McKinley to urge upon him the advisability of sending a special message to Congress urging appropriate legislation for the relief of the flood sufferers.

A delegation of citizens from Memphis, headed by Representative Carmick, also called on the same mission. Mr. McKinley has already telegraphed the governors of the states in which the floods exist for information, and he has practically decided to send a special message to Congress to-morrow on the subject with a recommendation that such legislation for the relief of the sufferers as Congress may deem fit be enacted without delay.

The $250,000 appropriated a few days ago and placed at the disposal of the Mississippi commission can be used only in repairing breaks in the levees, strengthening them at weak places, etc. Not a penny of it can be used for the relief of the destitute. There are several precedents for the appropriation of money for such purposes.

In 1890, on the occasion of the last big flood, $150,000 was appropriated.

USE OF X RAYS.

The Interior of a Man's Stomach Laundered.

Chicago, April 2.—With a little machine which looks like an egg beater, Dr. Fenton B. Turck has performed the feat of laundrying the inside of a man's stomach at the post graduate medical school and by means of the Roentgen rays at the same time viewed the internal apartment where his little device was at work. The operation marks an era of progress in the medical world as the experiment was the first of its kind made in full view of the operator.

One of the largest and most complete Roentgen ray outfits ever produced was furnished to the college for the experiment. Attached to the end of Dr. Turck's instrument, which is called a gyromele or revolving sound, was a flexible cable of spiral steel wire on the end of which was a small sponge. The cable was enclosed in a rubber tube and this with the sponge was swallowed by the patient. The latter, who was stripped to the waist, then stepped before the Roentgen light, the doctor put the fluoroscope to his eyes and an attendant turned the handle of the gyromele. The cable revolved as fast or as slow as was desired, the sponge at the farther end proceeded to its work of scouring the inner walls of the patient's stomach, while the doctor through the fluoroscope viewed the work by locating the metallic cable by means of the X-rays.

By pushing or pulling on the cable the various portions of the inner walls of the stomach were operated upon and the matter which was gathered in the sponge was then removed for microscopic examination. No naseau nor pain was felt by the patient though he stood before the rays for over an hour while the doctors in attendance, the nurses, the operator of the X-ray outfit and a newspaper man examined his interior.

At the close of the ordeal he was offended that no one of the party would gratify his curiosity to see the operation by temporarily taking his place as patient and swallowing the sponge and tube despite his assertions that it had not hurt him. The Roentgen ray outfit used in the operation is capable of throwing a fourteen inch spark of great density and illuminating a very large Crookes tube. By its means it was not only possible to see the ribs and backbone of the patient but to view the vibrations of the heart and to outline the liver and kidneys.

Dr. Turck is enthusiastic over the success of the experiment.

PICTURES A FAILURE.

Worse Than Legislative Prohibitions the Negatives Are Bad.

New York, April 5.—If the statements made by E. J. Rector be true there is a dark future—or rather no future—ahead for the Kinetoscope views of the recent fistic encounter in Carson, Nev. And that means a great deal to those who "paid the freight" for that photographic enterprise.

It was this Rector who secured the exclusive kinetoscope privileges of that memorable battle between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. He had visions of millions from the photographic reproduction of the encounter. He spared no expense to get a picture of every move made by the fistic kings.

But now, alas and alack! Rector says the whole lot of snap shots look like the first efforts of a novice. When the plates were developed every defect known to photography made its unwelcome appearance.

The negatives were sent to the Edison laboratory, in Orange, N. J., to be developed. Frank Gammon, of Rabb & Gammon, managers of the Vitascope, under whose direction the negatives were being developed, confirms Rector's statement.

TOLLGATE RAIDERS.

Start a Reign of Terror in Sections of Kentucky.

Lexington, Ky., April 3.—Tollgate raiders in Mercer county threaten to destroy the flour mills unless the mill men reduce the price of flour. Thursday at Cornishville the miller found a notice posted on his door advising him to sell flour at $2 per hundred in the future. The mill is one of the largest in the country, and is owned and operated by a stock company.

A Salt River miller was approached the other day by a couple of strangers who told him that unless he reduced flour to $2 his mill would be blown up with dynamite. The miller argued that such a procedure would raise the price of flour by reducing the competition, and than the farmers would be compelled to take less for their wheat.

In Anderson county a few nights since notices were put up along the road warning wealthy men not to attempt to grow tobacco, that the plant beds would be destroyed, and as a consequence a number of raisers will not try to put out a crop.

FIRE IN CHATTANOOGA.

Largest Building in the City Totally Destroyed.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 3. — The Richardson building, the largest in Chattanooga and one of the largest in the South, was totally destroyed by fire between 3 and 6 o'clock this morning. Fire caught from the furnace in the basement and ran up the elevator shaft. The watchman was slow in turning in an alarm, and when the fire companies arrived the building was a mass of flames.

The watchman warned a number of gentlemen sleeping on the sixth floor, and all succeeded in getting out except two. These were Boyd Ewing, one of the wealthiest men in this section, and S. M. Patton, one of the most prominent architects in the South. Mr Ewing attempted to climb down the fire escape, but fell from the top. His body was badly mutilated. Patton was cut off from escape on the stairs and his body is still in the ruins. About 100 offices and four stores were in the building. The total loss amounts to about $400,000, with insurance of about $200,000.

Wages Increased Ten Per Cent.

Ironwood, Mich., April 3.—The Metropolitan Iron and Land Company has announced an immediate increase of ten per cent in the wage scale in its mines here. The increase affects 1,000 men employed in the Norrie and Pabst mines.

Big Load of Immigrants.

New York, April 5.—The steamer Fuerst Bismarck which arrived from Mediterranean ports yesterday brought nearly 1,000 Italian immigrants.

GREECE AND CRETE

THE ALLIED FLEET

Drove Cretans From a Hard Earned Advantage.

Canea, April 1.—The insurgents by a bold stroke occupied the hill on the south side of Suda bay, Tuesday evening. They were promptly shelled by the British, Austrian and Russian warships. At daybreak yesterday the firing was resumed and the Cretans were driven from their positions. As soon as the firing ceased they made another attempt to recover the ground, and the warships promptly resumed the firing, which was very heavy for several hours. During the cannonade three Turks were killed and five wounded.

At 8 o'clock the foreign men of war signalled their intention to bombard. The Greziastichy fired first, then H. M. S. Ardent, and finally the Austrian gunboat Tiger. Each vessel fired in its turn, aiming chiefly at the Greek flag, which was hoisted above the stone wall. The Ardent ceased firing at 9:30, but the Greziastichy, ranging close in shore, by degrees pounded down the wall, yard by yard, every shot telling. In spite of the heavy cannonade, the Cretans held their grounds stoutly, even throwing skirmishers to repel the Turkish outposts, though they were compelled to abandon their own principal positions behind the stone wall.

At 9:45 a. m. H. M. S. Camperdown began firing six-inch shells. The Cretans thereupon retired slightly, but continued a heavy fire until 10 o'clock, when the Camperdown, at a range of 6,400 yards, fired her big guns. Three out of four of the percussion shells burst directly in the center of the insurgents' position, and the Cretans fled helter skelter. The Cretans in full retreat were hastened by the fire of the Greziastichy and the Tiger, which poured in with extreme accuracy of aim a succession of shrapnels. At 10:15 the last shell fell. Seeing that the object of the bombardment was accomplished, the Russian and Austrian warships steamed away for blockade service. The Ardent returned to Suda. The Turkish soldiery sallied quickly from the forts, occupied lately by the insurgents, hoisted the Ottoman flag with great manifestations of delight.

Until the Camperdown began to fire heavy shells the insurgents rather gained than lost ground, in spite of the tremendous fire of the Russian and Austrian vessels. Altogether about 100 shells were fired.

VASSOS PROTESTS.

Says the Policy of Powers is Fraught With Untold Horror.

Canea, April 1.—Colonel Vassos has sent a strongly worded protest to the admirals. He charges the representatives of the powers of violating the pledge that Mussulmans released at Candamos and disarmed should not be allowed to attack Christians again. He condemns the shelling of Cretans by the foreign fleets, and appeals to the people of Europe to end the present policy, which, he says, is fraught with untold horrors and threatens the entire population of the island with extermination.

THE CRETAN SITUATION.

King George Threatens to Declare War at Once.

London, April 2.—It is semi-officially announced that the admirals of the foreign fleets in Cretan waters have asked their respective governments to dispatch fifty cavalrymen and a battery of artillery each for service in Crete.

Owing to the decision to extend the blockade, it is necessay to reinforce the international fleet, and some days must elapse before the requisite number of warships will be available for the coercion of Greece. Only Pieras, the port of Athens, will be blockaded at first, further measures depending upon the course Greece pursues.

It is no secret that King George has formally stated to the powers that a declaration of war against Turkey will immediately follow an extension of the blockade to the Greek coast. It is believed in some quarters that if the gulf of Athens is blockaded, popular excitement will compel the king to declare war, even if his own judgement and that of the cabinet were opposed. This has been a leading cause of delay in securing unanimous agreement between the powers. There is no doubt that in the event of a Turco-Greek war the intervention of the powers would be suspended.

Rumors connect the betrothal of Francis Joseph of Battenburg, to a Montenegrin princess with his candidature for the governorship of Crete. The report of the desire of Turkey and Greece to come to a direct understanding, must in no case be summarily discarded. Moreover the fact must be taken into consideration that most of the powers are beginning to show unmistakable symptoms of a feeling that little is to be gained by pushing European intervention beyond certain limits, and that a great deal is to be gained by leaving Turkey and Greece to settle by direct negotiations what the powers might leave unsettled. In this way the situation would be much simplified, and the powers be relieved of an ever increasing responsibility already weighing heavily upon most of them.

THE SULTAN.

Proposes to Soon Turn His Troops Loose.

Constantinople, April 2.—The fighting between the Christians and Mussulmans which is daily reported from the island of Crete, is creating a very bad impression here, and it is believed that the Turkish government will soon propose to the powers that Turkey herself be permitted to take action against the insurgents.

It is understood here that the porte, replying to the request of the powers for the withdrawal of the Turkish troops from Crete, declares that Turkey will only comply with the request in case the Greek troops are withdrawn first.

It is reported that Karatheodori Pasha, who was mentioned some six weeks ago as likely to be appointed governor of Crete, is going to Athens on a special mission to King George of Greece.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A NEW DREIBUND.

Three Great Emperors Form a Powerful Pact.

Berlin, April 5.—The Triple Alliance is dead; long live the Triple Alliance. The agreement of two emperors and a king sinks out of sight; the combination of three emperors rises into view. Again the giant of history demonstrated that man proposes, but God disposes.

The last week of diplomatic intrigue, exhortation and persuasion has but fulfilled the promise of former weeks; it has drawn to a close the sign of broken ties, violated pledges and fragile conventions. It has gone its way into the history of diplomatic cries of "Concert!" "Concert!" while there has been no concert.

The new week will begin with the spectacle of a familiar diplomatic giant rising from a wreck, with the famous three emperor alliance looming from the ashes of a half-forgotten past.

The aims of the new alliance which the logic of events has forced on Nicholas II., William II. and Francis Joseph are clear as the sun above. They are to preserve the peace for the benefit of Germany, to let Turkey decay gradually until it falls into the lap of Russia, and to assure to Austria at the moment of Turkey's fall, the Hapsburger dynasty's share in the land and seacoast of the Moslem ruin. Of course, other considerations far reaching are exerting their influence on the negotiations which for two weeks have been hurried along between St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin. They are the fate of deserted Italy, the desperate mood of isolated France, and the chagrin of defeated England. There must be provisions to meet the thousand and one surprises which may arise at any moment from such open questions as Alsace-Lorraine, the sublime porte, the unsettled principalities of the Balkan and the bankrupt condition of uncertain Greece.

The alliance will be a peace alliance. To Russia it will give support of her anti-English policy in Asia and in Turkey. It will aid her, with moral support, in her efforts to control China, ann

WASHINGTON.

NOMINATIONS.

Washington, March 31.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Treasury—Penrose A. McClain, of Pennsylvania, to be collector of internal revenue for the first district of Pennsylvania.

State—Thomas W. Cridler, of West Virginia, to be third assistant secretary of state.

Justice—O. B. Trieber, of Arkansas, attorney of the United States, Eastern district Arkansas; Henry M. Cooper, of Arkansas, marshal of the United States, Eastern district of Arkansas.

Interior—Nathan P. Johnson, of South Dakota, to be agent for the Indians of the Sisseton agency, South Dakota.

Navy—Lieut.-Commander Albert M. Crowden to be commandant.

Postmasters—Jos. C. Weir, Rantoul, Ill.; Wm. T. Pritchard, Franklin, Ind.; John W. Ewan, Converse, Ind.; Henry L. Chesley, Sutherland, Iowa; James M. Peckinpaugh, Olivia, Minn.; F. P. Corrick, Cozad, Neb.; Clifford B. McCoy, Coshocton, O.; E. A. Deardorff, New Philadelphia, O.; Wm. F. Bishop, Peshtigo, Wis.

Washington, April 1.—The President to-day sent to the senate the following nominations: State—Andrew D. White, of New York, to be ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Germany.

Wm. F. Draper, of Massachusetts, to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the United States to Italy. Chandler Hale, of Maine, to be secretary of the embassy of the United States at Rome, Italy.

Samuel L. Gracey, of Massachusetts, consul of the United States at Fuchan, China.

Anson Burlingame Johnson, of Colorado, consul of the United States at Amoy, China. Withdrawn—Anson Burlingame Johnson to be consul at Fuchan.

Interior—Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, to be commissioner of patents.

Treasury—Oliver L. Spaulding, of Michigan, to be assistant secretary of the treasury; Wm. B. Howell, of New Jersey, to be assistant secretary of the treasury.

War—Capt. Robert Craig, signal corps, to be major.

Washington, April 5.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Interior—Geo. W. James, of Kansas, to be agent for the Indians of the Potawatomie and Great Nemaha agency in Kansas.

State—Alfred E. Buck, of Georgia, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Japan.

James Royle, of Ohio, consul of the United States at Liverpool, England.

E. S. Day, of Connecticut, consul of the United States at Bradford, England.

S. R. McCreery, of Michigan, secretary of the legation of the United States at the City of Mexico.

Treasury—Linn Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, to be appraiser of merchandise in district of Philadelphia.

Justice—To be attorneys of the United States: William S. Reese, jr., of Alabama, for the middle district of Alabama; Frank P. Flint, of California, for the Southern district of California; Edgar A. Angier, of Georgia, for the Northern district of Georgia; Marion Erwin, of Georgia, for the Southern district of Georgia.

Postmaster—Wallace W. Rollins, at Asheville, N. C.; Patrick B. Gibbons, at Paris, Tex.

Navy—Henry M. Paul, of New Hampshire, to be a professor of mathematics in the Naval Academy; Henry Powison, to be a commodore; Commander Charles D. Sigsbee, to be a captain; Lieutenant Commander Edwin C. Pendleton, to be a commander.

Washington, April 6.—The President to-day sent the senate the following nominations:

Alonzo J. Tyler, of Tennessee, to be collector of internal revenue for the second district of Tennessee.

Park Agnew, of Virginia, to be collector of internal revenue for the sixth district of Virginia.

Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, to be assistant secretary of the navy.

Capt. A. S. Crowninshield, United States navy, to be chief of the bureau of navigation in the department of the navy.

Rev. Wm. G. Cassard, of Maryland, to be chaplain in the navy.

Postmaster—Wm. Barret Ridgeley, at Springfield, Ill.

Nominations Confirmed.

Washington, March 31.—The senate in executive session yesterday confirmed the following nominations:

Edgar Thomson Scott, of Pennsylvania, second secretary of the embassy of the United States at Paris.

Commodore Joseph N. Miller, rear admiral in the navy.

Passed Assistant Surgeon N. B. Fitts, a surgeon in the navy.

THE DEBT STATEMENT.

Figures on Government Finances for the Month.

Washington, April 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business Wednesday, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to $1,003,962,200, a decrease for the month of $8,638,254. This decrease is accounted for by a corresponding increase in the amount of cash on hand. The debt is recapitulated as follows:

Interest bearing debt, $847,364,950; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,355,760; debt bearing no interest $277,287,096; total, $1,225,007,806.

This, however, does not include $607,702,473 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding and offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury.

The cash in the treasury is classified as follows: Gold, $189,242,805; silver, $51,708,211; paper, $154,057,500; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $17,891,239; total, $875,239,759, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $653,194,153, which leaves a cash balance in the treasury of $222,045,606.

The monthly comparative statement of the government receipts and expenditures showed the total receipts during March to have been $36,217,062, and the disbursements, $27,212,997, leaving a surplus for the month of $9,004,065. The excess is due almost entirely to increased receipts from customs. During March, 1896, there was a deficit of about $2,223,000. The total receipts during the last nine months were $242,785,051, and the expenditures, $281,690,392, leaving the deficit for that period, $38,905,281.

NATIONAL FINANCES.

Treasury Deficit Changed to a Surplus.

Washington, April 2.—Turning a deficit into a surplus within thirty days is a remarkable achievement, and yet that is exactly what has happened at the treasury department. It is no wonder that Secretary Gage and President McKinley are delighted at the showing made at the conclusion of the first month of business under the new administration.

President Cleveland went out of office with a deficit of $4,395,059 for the month of February. President McKinley comes in with a surplus of $9,004,664 of receipts over expenditures for the month of March. At the same rate of progress the deficit for the fiscal year which was nearly fifty millions when President McKinley took the oath of office will be less than ten millions when the government year closes July 1.

The contrary state of things existed all through the Cleveland administration and particularly during the present fiscal year. There was a surplus in December of two millions, but it was preceded by a deficiency of eight millions in November and followed by another hiatus of six millions more in January, so that the surplus in December was more apparent than real.

Of course the wonderful showing made by the new administration is due to the mere threat of the new tariff bill. The customs receipts for March were double those of February, the exact figures being $22,833,856 for the first month of the McKinley administration, and $11,587,260 for the last month of the Cleveland regime. The great rush of importers to get in goods before the new tariff law takes effect has, it is said, only just begun. The majority of the big houses in the importing trade will not be frightened by the retroactive clause when the tariff bill passed the house. They know perfectly well that the government is not likely to institute suits against thousands of individual importers to recover the difference in duties. The result is likely to be that the rush of importations will increase rather than diminish from now on, and good judges at the Treasury department to-day were predicting that the deficiency would be entirely wiped out before the new tariff bill goes into operation.

The administration is really anxious to put a stop to the advance importations, but at the same time the rush of money to the Treasury has been something of a source of gratification, for Mr. Gage's strong box was dangerously near the low water mark when he was first intrusted with the combination. The Treasury was possessed of many glittering millions of money, but most of them were in effect only trust funds, against which Uncle Sam had issued his sight drafts, and the real cash balance aside from the gold which could have been used for current expense was so small as to excite serious apprehension that it would be exhausted entirely before the new tariff law went into operation.

THE DINGLEY BILL

Goes Through the House According to Programme.

Washington, April 1.—After two weeks of lively debate the Dingley tariff bill passed the house yesterday. It was put through exactly as was planned by the Republican members of the ways and means committee and also contains an amendment making the new duties effective on April 1. The Republican victory was complete. They presented an unbroken front to the opposition. All the rumors that dissatisfaction with particular schedules of the bill might lead some of them to break over the party traces proved absolutely unfounded. On the other hand, five Democrats, one more than was anticipated, braved the party and gave the bill the approval of their votes. These five Democrats are interested particularly in the sugar schedule. Three came from Louisiana and two from Texas. One Populist, Mr. Howard, of Texas, and one Populist, Mr. Howard, of Alabama, voted for the bill. Twenty-one other members of what is denominated "the opposition," consisting of Populists, Fusionists and Silverites, declined to record themselves either for or against the measure. The vote on the final passage of the bill stood, ayes, 205; nays, 122 present and not voting, 21, a majority of 83. Speaker Reed added to the dramatic nature of the climax of this ten days' struggle in the house by directing the clerk to call his name at the end of the roll call, recording his vote for the bill.

After the amendment fixing to-day as the date on which the bill should go into effect had been adopted, against the protests of the Democrats who contended that it was retroactive and therefore unconstitutional, the last three hours were taken up by short speeches, most of which were made for the benefit of the galleries and the constituents of the speakers. The Democrats had yielded the question of a long debate over the Grosvenor amendment in the hope that enough progress might be made with the bill to permit the house to reach the sugar schedule, but only two more pages of the bill, leaving 150 unconsidered, were reached when the committee of the whole. The motion to recommit with instructions to amend the bill so as to suspend the duties on articles controlled by trusts, upon which they based their principal hope of breaking through the Republican ranks, failed of its purpose. Every Republican voted against it. There was a great demonstration on the floor and in the galleries when the bill was finally declared passed.

HARD AT WORK.

Upper House Will Revise the Dingley Bill.

Washington, April 3.—The Republican members of the senate committee on finance are continuing their work day and night on the tariff bill, with the intention of reporting it to the senate at the earliest possible day. They are not yet prepared to give out any of the results of their investigations, and say when approached upon the subject that they have not, as yet, reached any conclusions upon any schedules of the bill. There is, however, a well defined impression about the senate that the bill will be generally remodeled, and the rates considerably reduced in many of the schedules.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

It is Amended Materially by the Senate.

Washington, April 1.—The senate yesterday began voting upon the miscellaneous amendments to the Anglo-American arbitration treaty. The proceedings were conducted in executive session, but it is understood they were confined almost exclusively to the numerous votes taken. There was no debate of consequence and remarks were comparatively few, those made pertaining strictly to the amendments in hand. Action upon the amendment offered by Senator Hoar was the first taken, and several senators expressed the opinion that it would render any further amendment unnecessary. There were six roll calls during the session.

The first roll call was upon Senator Hoar's amendment. It was adopted by an overwhelming majority. The final announcement was 54 to 15, but there had been four changes in favor of the amendment before this result was reached, making 17 votes originally cast in opposition. The text of this amendment is substantial as follows:

"Any difference which, in the judgment of either party, may materially affects its honor or its domestic or foreign policy shall not be referred to arbitration under this treaty except by special agreement, nor shall any question as to the continuation in force of any treaty which has previously been made. It is further explicitly specified and agreed that all agreements entered into by the contracting parties under this treaty shall be signed by the President of the United States and receive the approval of the senate by a two-thirds vote before it becomes binding upon either Great Britain or the United States."

The provisions in regard to the continuance of existing treaties was inserted for the protection of the United States in connection with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The only other affirmative action was the adoption by a vote of 47 to 23 of the series of amendments offered by Senator Foraker. These amendments are to each article providing for a tribunal of arbitration and declare that each case submitted to arbitration must be tried by a separate tribunal. The arbitrators appointed on the part of the United States are to be nominated by the President and confirmed by the senate.

The Chilton amendment providing for the submission of all agreements to the senate was laid on the table, because as was urged, the provision was practically included in the Hoar amendment.

TAKING A REST.

House Will Have No Working Session for a Week.

Washington, April 5.—The House, in pursuance of the policy mapped out by the leaders, adjourned Saturday until Wednesday, and on that day will immediately adjourn again for three days, the constitutional limit of adjournment without the consent of the Senate. Many of the members have gone home subject to call in the event they should be needed in case the President should decide to ask Congress for special legislation for the relief of the Mississippi flood sufferers, as is anticipated he may, the proceedings on Wednesday may be more interesting. Any legislation which may be proposed in the present situation will be blocked by a single objection, and while it is not likely that there would be captious objection to a bill that would appeal so directly to the sympathy of Congress, an objection might be made. This would necessitate a special order from the committee on rules for its consideration and all the attendant considerations.

The bankruptcy bill will be given first place in the Senate programme this week, but it will give way to the appropriation bills after Tuesday if the committee on appropriations reports them, as is expected, and urges consideration.

The outlook is that the week will not be a busy one, and that the daily sessions will be short. Many Senators will be absent. The finance committee will press forward its investigations of the Senate committees. Some attention may be given to the arbitration treaty in executive session, but there will not be any effort to get a vote upon it during the week. Senator Elkins will speak Monday on his bill for discriminative duties carried in American vessels.

TREATY IN SENATE.

Several Amendments to the Treaty Acted Upon.

Washington, April 2.—The senate yesterday in executive session concluded its consideration of all amendments to the arbitration treaty. The voting on additional amendments began at 4 o'clock after three hours of general debate and in the hour and a half which followed, about a dozen propositions were passed upon. Two only were adopted, except some making verbal changes. Of those adopted, one, offered by Senator Bacon, exempts the claims against southern states from the operations of the treaty, and the others, introduced by Senator Morgan, eliminates article 8 of the treaty.

Much of the debate of the day turned upon these amendments. Their supporters contended that under the constitution state claims could not be made the subject of negotiations under a treaty. The point was also made that the claims against the Southern states were contracted during the period of reconstruction and was not legitimate obligations. It was held on the other hand that under the amendments already adopted would be impossible to hold the southern claims subject to the treaty. Many of the amendments voted down were directed to putting limitation on the first article, all were rejected by the uniform majority of five. This was the result of a preconcerted move to sustain the committee on foreign relations, which took a position against further amending this article.

An interesting incident of the session was Senator Chandler's refusal to agree to a final vote on the treaty. He called attention to The Associated Press dispatches in regard to the situation in Crete, and said that he did not feel disposed to enter into negotiations with any power whose guns were trained upon a community of Christians struggling to throw off the yoke of Moslemism. He also spoke of England's conduct towards the Boers of the Transvaal as deserving of condemnation and a cause for hesitation in the present negotiations. He said he would probably in the end vote for the treaty but that he was not in the mood for it just now.

Senator Hale ridiculed this view as sentimental. He said that England's relations to other powers were not involved in the negotiations of the United States with England.

THE POOLING BILL

Will Be Pushed to Passage Soon as Possible.

Washington, April 3.—Senator Foraker is determined to push his railway pooling bill to vote in the senate before the close of the extra session if possible.

He left Washington yesterday for his home in Ohio, to be absent several days. Just before he left he said:

"As soon as I return I will urge the committee on interstate commerce to give immediate consideration to my bill, and to report it to the senate as soon as possible.

"There ought not to be much delay about it, for the reason that the senate is thoroughly familiar with the subject, having already had under consideration in a former congress the Patterson bill, which was very similar to the bill I have introduced.

"The recent decision of the supreme court has brought about a condition which calls for immediate action, and it is not only necessary that legislation should be enacted but that it should be done promptly. I am convinced that real prosperity cannot be brought about or made permanent until there has been legislation on this subject.

"Not only is it imperative that there should be stability of freight rates so that business men can know what they will be called upon to pay for the shipment of goods, but it is also imperative that the railroads should be assured protection from ruinous rate wars, and from the present uncertainty, which will prevent them from placing orders for new material for the maintenance of their present systems or for their extension.

"The question of whether there is to be prosperity or depression in a great many lines of business is, therefore, dependent upon the action of congress in regard to this matter.

"I have talked with members of the committee and with other senators individually, and I believe the outlook for the passage of the bill I have introduced is favorable."

SHERMAN PROTESTS.

Against Execution of Rivera by the Spanish.

Washington, April 3.—Secretary Sherman has protested against the execution of General Ruis Rivera, the Cuban leader in Pinar del Rio, who was recently captured by the Spanish forces.

General Rivera was wounded in the engagement in which he was taken, and the news from Havana is to the effect that he is likely to be tried by court-martial and shot during the next 48 hours.

President McKinley and Secretary Sherman discussed the Rivera case, and the latter at the President's suggestion, communicated with Senor de Lome, the Spanish minister.

Secretary Sherman, in his blunt way, told the Spanish representative that the execution of prisoners of war was abhorrent to the American people. In the Rivera case this repugnance to the murder of men captured in civilized warfare was aggravated by the fact that the prisoner is badly wounded.

Secretary Sherman did not presume to make a formal protest against the execution of Rivera. It was not a matter in which this government felt competent to interefere as a government.

At the same time, Secretary Sherman wanted the Spanish minister and his government to understand that the execution of Rivera would not tend to promote good feeling for Spain in this country. Already public opinion was much exercised over the threat to shoot the prisoner, and if that threat was carried into execution, the indignation throughout the United States might be so great as to embarrass the government.

WARNING TO SPAIN.

Senate Adopts a Resolution Regarding Gen. Rivera.

Washington, April 5.—In the Senate today the Cuban question was again debated, the Allen resolution protesting against the trial of Gen. Ruix Rivera by court martial forming the basis of debate. Mr. Allen made an emphatic speech calling on the United States as a Christian nation to stop the Spanish cruelty and outrages. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, opposed the resolution and favored a calm, deliberate course.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, made a very vehement speech in favor of Cuba. He said that he and every other senator, he believed, were getting letters denouncing them for their position on Cuba. They came, he added, from the money changers of the East. His was from a money changer in New England who denounced him and said that the senators who were speaking for Cuba were speaking to the galleries.

Mr. Gallinger thanked God that there was a patriotic sentiment in this country in favor of freedom and in favor of the down-trodden.

A motion to refer the Rivera Cuban resolution to the committee on foreign relations was defeated. The vote was then taken on the resolution, which was adopted 44 to 0.

FOR CURRENCY REFORM.

Committee in Washington Talking to Officials.

Washington, April 3.—Eleven of the members of the executive committee appointed by the Indianapolis monetary committee last January, have been in the city several days. That convention, composed of business men delegated by the boards of trade of cities, decided to urge a commission to investigate banking and currency laws, with a view to their early revision and the executive committee have decided to establish headquarters here in an endeavor to procure from congress such legislation at this session as will empower the President to appoint a committee to consider the subject before the regular session of congress convenes in December.

The headquarters probably will be in charge of H. H. Hanna, of Indianapolis, one of the prime movers in the convention.

The members of the committee have conferred with public officials and members of congress with regard to this matter, and say they have met with no discouragement, although the situation relative to the tariff makes it of paramount importance that the fate of the bill in the senate should not be delayed or jeopardized.

FIRED OUT.

How President McKinley Has Received Thousands of Callers.

Washington, April 6.—The public reception at the White House yesterday was unusually large. Mr. McKinley stood in line for forty minutes and shook hands with over 2,000 people. The strain of receiving so many visitors privately and publicly is telling on the President. He leaves on Wednesday for a brief rest, accompanied by Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Saxton, Secretary Porter and wife. It is probable that some sort of change in the present programme at the White House will be made by which the President can be relieved of the fatigue involved in receiving personally so many people as he now does. It is stated that Mr. McKinley has given personal audience in the five weeks he has been in the White House, to 8,000 persons, and has received at the public receptions 18,000 more. The fatigue involved in the present arrangement was so great that last Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock Mr. McKinley became exhausted, and was forced suddenly to deny admission to any one.

BROAD MEASURE.

Senator Chandler Has a Blanket Pooling Bill.

Washington, April 5.—Senator Chandler has introduced a bill in the senate intended as an amendment to the Foraker pooling bill. Senator Chandler's bill provides in the first section that contracts may be made to maintain prices by merchants, manufacturers and producers of commodities, under the supervision of the interstate commerce commission the same as railroads, for maintaining transportation rates by pooling.

Senator Cullom has introduced the anti-scalping bill substantially as it was reported by the interstate commerce committee in the last congress.

EIGHT HOUR DAY FIXED.

Inaugurated in Cleveland Without Trouble.

Cleveland, O., April 5.—The eight-hour day was inaugurated to-day with hardly a ripple of trouble. Between 6,000 and 7,000 men belonging to the different building trades went to work on the understanding of a shorter day and the union scale. The leader of the movement, Business Agent Connelly, said that it was a success beyond his fondest hopes. Demand was made by union carpenters, bricklayers, masons, hod carriers, structural iron workers, painters, plasterers and others all over the city.

The refusal to work with non-union much as many of the non-union men, to whom objection was raised, agreed to join the unions, as many as 75 carpenters in the present programme at the White men did not entail anything like the difficulties that had been anticipated, inasalone having signified such a willingness during the morning.

One of the places where trouble was experienced was at the Division street waterworks, where some repair work is in progress, and where the entire force of hod carriers quit work rather than accede to the demand of the contractor that they work 10 hours per day. Work was also stopped on the Hanna block, at the corner of Payne avenue and Superior street, but the carpenters employed there agreed to join the union and Business Agent Connelly ordered the men back to work.

The best evidence of the lack of any considerable opposition to the demand was found in the comparative quiet at the genral headquarters on Superior street. Any men who quit work upon the refusal of their demands would naturally flock there, and the fact that very few put in an appearance all morning indicated that although the business agents of the various unions were rather slow in making their reports, very little trouble existed.

TO INDIA'S STRAND.

Scientists Will Go to Observe an Eclipse of the Sun.

Oakland, Cal., April 3.—Charles Burckhalter, the astronomer of the Chabot observatory will travel half way around the world so that for two minutes in far off India he may endeavor to photograph the sun during the solar eclipse of next January.

As the eclipse during totality will be observable only in India many scientists will travel thither to make observations. Charles Burckhalter has obtained considerable renown by his discovery of a new method of photographing the sun during an eclipse which gives results that are of the greatest scientific interest. To give him an opportunity to apply his discovery a number of wealthy San Franciscoans who wanted to add something to the cause of science sent the astronomers to Japan during the eclipse observable there some time since.

The day on which the eclipse occurred was cloudy and not a photograph could be secured.

These same friends of science have offered to pay the expenses of a trip for Mr. Burckhalter to India. The trip will be under his own direction. Mr. Burckhalter has determined that if he goes to India his party shall be known as the Chabot observatory expedition so that the little Oakland observatory will thus be given prominence in the science world.

ELECTRIC CABS.

Now to Be Had for Hire in New York.

New York, April 2.—The Electric Carriage and Wagon company has established an electric cab system, which has been running in this city since Saturday. Six horseless cabs are already in operation. The cabs are run at an average speed of eight miles an hour and can run twenty miles an hour. The company denies that there will be any cutting of rates, and the fare is the same as that charged for the old-fashioned cabs. The cabs in use are very handsome, and the mechanism easy of control. Already the supply is unequal to the demand.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

THE ELECTIONS IN OHIO.

The Vote Was Light as a Rule Through the State.

Columbus, O., April 6.—Senator Foraker, who was here last night on his way from Cincinnati to Washington, was seen at the Chittenden. Concerning the result in Cincinnati and Columbus as well as the state generally, he said:

"Municipal elections in Ohio do not indicate party strength. Local causes control them as a rule. Our defeats do not indicate that the state will go Democratic this fall. Party questions then determine how people will vote. We shall have a governor and legislature to elect and the legislature will choose a United States Senator.

"The issue will then be whether we shall uphold President McKinley in his own state, and I have no doubt about the result. We will again carry the state by our usual majorities."

Although local issues controlled most of the municipal elections yesterday, yet the general results throughout Ohio show that Democratic gains along the lake shore, the river countries and the interior counties. This gives the Democrats control of most of the machinery for the election next fall for state officials and state legislature. Gov. Bushnell stands for a second term. Senator Hanna is the Republican candidate for Senator. Both of these leaders, as well as ex-Senator Brice, are interested parties and contributed directly to the organized efforts of the canvass.

Cincinnati, April 6.—The election in Cincinnati was for mayor and board of legislation. The Republican ticket was headed by Levi C. Goodale for mayor, and the Democratic ticket by Gustav Taffel. The ticket headed by Gustav Taffel was victorious throughout.

There was a total vote of over 60,000, as compared with 78,000 last November, being an unusually large vote for a local or spring election. The issue here was on George B. Cox, who has been recognized as a boss in city and county politics for years and controlling factor in state politics. The ticket headed by Goodale was named by Cox and the issue was made against it as a Cox ticket. The Democratic gains were made in the Republican wards.

Cleveland, O., April 6.—Complete returns give McKisson 2,500 over Farley. The other candidates on the Republican ticket have majorities ranging up to 10,000.

Columbus, O., April 6.—For mayor, Samuel L. Black (Dem.) was elected over Emmett Tompkins (Rep.), by 427 plurality. The total vote, 24,607—about 6,000 less than registration.

Canton, O., April 6.—The home of McKinley went Democratic. Mayor Rice, for re-election, carrying it by over 400. The remainder of the ticket is divided, the Democrats winning a majority of the offices.

Toledo elected the entire Republican city ticket. Both branches of the city council and the school board have Republican majorities.

AN EDUCATIONAL AIM.

Object of Boston's New Temperance Movement.

Boston, April 5.—Many references have been made in newspapers during the last three years to a "committee of fifty for the investigation of the drink problem," but the public, for the most part, has a very vague notion about this mysterious body; and the people most concerned with temperance reform are wondering what relation the new organization proposes to hold to their work.

The committee is not a new agent in temperance agitation; does not propose to take any direct part in reform, being simply an organization in the interest of research. Its work is conducted by four subcommittees on different aspects of the problem—physiological, legislative, ethical and economic. Nothing of the same nature has been attempted in this country before.

"It is not expected," said Charles Dudley Warner, "that any organization, or any national power, can suddenly or radically change the habits of the world. But wise and practical efforts can mitigate almost any evil under the sun, can produce a public opinion that operates in the right direction. The first requisite in any social problem is to throw light upon it, and this is the humble office of the committee of fifty."

HOUSE AND HOME.

Novel Exposition to Be Opened in New York.

New York, April 3.—Under the auspices of some 40 clergymen of all denominations, and with interesting ceremonies, the Greater New York Exposition of the House and Home will be opened in the Grand Central Palace this evening. Invitations to be present had been extended to President McKinley and Vice President Hobart, by a committee of divines, but press of public business compelled both to send regrets. The purpose of the exposition is to demonstrate the progress and improvements made in the construction and interior decorations of the house and home of recent years. There are three classes, one ranging from architects' plans to drawing materials, a second comprising all kinds of builders' materials, and a third interior decorations and furnishings. The interest of the clergy in the exposition is largely due to the fact that the proceeds are to go towards the founding of an unsectarian home for unfortunate women.

GREATER NEW YORK.

Little Doubt That the Charter Will Become Operative.

New York, April 6.—The last lingering doubt as to the creation of Greater New York—and it can hardly be called a doubt—will be removed this week.

The limit of 15 days in which the mayors of the several cities may hold the bill will end on Friday. The bill will then be returned to Albany.

Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, has affixed his signature to the bill. It is generally believed that Mayor Wurster, of Brooklyn, will approve it. Mayor Strong's action is a matter of doubt. He has not given the slightest sign of his intention to approve or to disapprove the bill.

It appears that whether Mayor Strong signs or not, the bill will become a law, for it may again go before the legislature and be passed as before.

Mayor Strong's approval would simply hasten the good work. His disapproval could not defeat it.

VENEZUELA AGREES.

Arbitration Treaty With England Ratified.

New York, April 6.—The World publishes the following copyright dispatch from Caracas, Venezuela:

The congress of Venezuela has unanimously ratified the Guiana arbitration treaty with Great Britain which was negotiated by the United States. The treaty was first read to the house last Friday, when Senor Anguerin spoke eloquently in its favor. The second reading was without incident. It came up on third reading Monday, and after a speech by Senor Priceno the house voted to ratify the treaty unanimously amid great cheering and enthusiastic demonstrations of gratitude to "Uncle Sam." The treaty was also unanimously ratified by the Senate. President Crespo will sign it next Friday.

Famous Missionary Dead.

Beloit, Wis., April 2.—Rev. Fayette Pettibone, D. D., for forty years a missionary of the American board in Turkey, died at Rockton, Ill., his former home, aged 73.

Sons and fathers, read Thos. Slater's offer on page 4.

RADWAYS READY RELIEF

Is the only safe and perfectly harmless remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures Headache, whether sick or nervous; Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Weakness in the Back, Spine or Kidneys, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises and Pains of all kinds. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by Druggists all the world over.

EXCITEMENT AT YUMA.

Marvellous Finds of Gold Set Things to Booming.

Pomona, Cal., April 6.—Col. George P. Hayne, a well known gold miner of California for more than a quarter of a century, has just arrived here from Arizona says that Yuma has suddenly become a most excited mining town. Nothing quite like the present excitement over the suddenly found riches and prospects of further finds, has been seen since the palmy days of Virginia, Nevada, in the early seventies. Cripple Creek and Tombstone were never in it for unadulterated excitement. The town is wild with excitement because of the two finds of marvelous richness in gold ore in the Pichaco mining district, some twenty-five miles north of Yuma, on the California side of the Colorado river. Men in two mines have ran into ledges of ore that yield over $6,000 to the ton. The ledges in the Pichaco district are all very large. One ledge of low grade ore there is sixty feet wide. No one can tell yet the dimensions of the ledge are in which the rich ore has been found. There is news also of rich finds in the Gleason district. That is twenty miles east of Yuma, near Tacna station and is surrounded by desert.

FOREST FIRES.

Some Bad Blazes Raging in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 5.—The forest fires in the surrounding mountains are spreading at an alarming rate. All efforts to check the flames have proven futile, and unless a heavy rain sets in many thousands of acres of valuable timber will go up in smoke. The fire originated in the middle section of the Nittany mountains from a spark from a locomotive falling on dry grass. Heavy winds have prevailed for almost forty hours and the flames are sweeping fiercely along the mountains from top to bottom.

The approach of the fires to the lumber camps has caused great excitement, and the woodsmen have left their workings. The course of the flames is constantly changing, making back firing useless. Different crews have been sent out to fight the fires, but thus far they have accomplished little, and their efforts are now being directed to confining the blaze to the mountains and to protect property in the clearings.

WISCONSIN IS BANKRUPT.

Books of the Retiring Treasurer Reveal a Heavy Deficiency.

Madison, Wis., April 2.—In the monthly statement of State Treasurer Peterson for the month of March, a serious condition of affairs is shown. The statement was issued yesterday morning. It showed that the state is bankrupt. The receipts for all funds amount to about $120,000 and disbursements to $575,000 for the present month. There will be apparently $60,000 in the general fund, but $147,000 is due the trust funds.

The Wisconsin Central Railroad company owes about $67,000, and this will raise the general fund apparent balance to $126,000 and leave the actual deficit about $21,000.

The governor signed the bill authorizing the transfer of money from the trusts funds Wednesday, so that the treasury would be able to meet the bills after April 1.

A BIG STONE.

Successful Piece of Blasting at the Chapman Quarries.

Bethlehem, Pa., March 31.—The Keystone Slate Company, of Chapman's quarries, has successfully blasted the largest solid piece of slate known to slate industry. The block, which was moved at least six inches from its original bed, measured 67 feet in length, 14 feet deep and 13½ feet in width and contained 12,063 cubic feet. It weighed 2,127,364 pounds, or nearly 1,064 tons. It will produce 1,637 squares of roofing slate and will require one 75 horse power engine six weeks to hoist it from the quarry.

Oldest Man in the World.

New Brunswick, N. J., March 31.—Noah Roby, inmate of Poor Farm, three miles from this city, will be 125 years old to-morrow if his claims are not false. He is the oldest man in the world.

Markets and Crops.

TRADE REPORTS.

Business Conditions Still in an Unsettled State.

New York, April 3.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The markets are still waiting, some sagging downward and others recovering. The vote of the house in favor of a new tariff bill has made no impression in business, since it has been expected since November that some measure of the same general character would become a law. If the bill stands, with its provision making new duties applicable April 1, chances are that foreign imports and treasury receipts may be for a time considerably restricted.

The market for products has been variable and uncertain. Wheat closes a cent lower than last week, and the May option has declined 2 cents and Western receipts for the week have been 2,781,557 bushels against 1,951,206 last year, while the Atlantic exports, flour included, have been 2,185,276 bushels against 1,280,013 last year. The movement of corn continues so large as to materially affect the demand for wheat. Western receipts having been 1,913,862 bushels for the week against 1,946,045 last year, and Atlantic exports 4,291,629 against 1,065,396 last year.

Current trade estimates regarding the wheat crop are a little more favorable, and are somewhat more likely to prove reliable, and the advance of the season makes the condition of growing wheat better known. Cotton has not changed in price, although the floods in the Southwest have doubtless done much harm.

The cotton and other textile manufacturers are slowly gaining in business, though print cloths and most staple cottons remain good in price, and restriction of output seem to have given some relief to the market. The buying of wool by mills is still a noteworthy feature, being far in excess of current consumption, but there is a much greater volume of transactions between dealers and at the three chief markets the sale for five weeks have been 63,725,200 pounds against 25,377,676 in the same weeks of 1892, when the mills were well employed. Prices are very strong, both here and at London, where the advance since the sale began is from 19 to 20 per cent, but there are favorable irregularities indicating that holders are not all of one mind, and some remember that many large mills have taken stocks for a full year's consumption.

The iron and steel industry has been staggered, so to speak, by the decision of the supreme court affecting railroad since it is apprehended that purchase not only of rails, but of cars, locomotives and bridge materials, may be affected. The demand for rails is still considerable and one order is pending for 10,000 tons for Japan, but the reduction in Mesaba ore with the want of agreement is yet among producers of hard ores, tends to encourage the belief in lower prices for finished products, and so to hinder buying. The great struggle between the ore producing companies of Mesaba has not yet so far developed that anybody can feel confident as to the future cost of iron.

New York, April 3.—Bradstreet's says: The course of general trade shows some improvement, notwithstanding an almost complete stoppage of business in the South Mississippi valley by washouts, overflows and floods. The condition of country trades throughout the central western states and the northwest is such as to further delay collections and check demand from interior merchants. Another drop is recorded in prices of bessemer pig iron and steel billets and in wheat, flour, coal, coffee and lard which is part offset by the increased activity and higher prices for wool and woolens, corn, oats, sugar and petroleum. A heavy movement of fertilizers is reported in the southern states, interest in lumber and shingles has increased on the northwest Pacific coast and Galveston is exporting cattle to Europe direct. The most favorable trade reports comes from the northwestern spring states.

There are 4,042 failures in the United States reported by Bradstreet's during the past quarter, compared with 4,512 in the first quarter in 1896, a falling off of about 11 per cent. The decrease is reported from all sections except New England and the territories.

Special reports to Bradstreet's from 50 cities with reference to revival in activity in industrial lines indicate there are at work at those centers probably not to exceed 100,000 in excess of the number employed in November last. The increases are largely among employes of manufacturers of woolen goods, shoes, clothing, machinery, engines, agricultural implements, bicycles, carriages, furniture, iron, steel, glass and shipbuilding. Depression still exists among some branches of the woolen goods industry, in coal mining and cotton goods manufactures.

Exports of wheat, (flour included as wheat), from both coasts of the United States, and from St. John, N. B., this week amount to 2,684,485 bushels compared with 1,683,000 bushels in the week a year ago. Exports of Indian corn amount to 4,970,127 bushels this week compared with 2,199,000 bushels a year ago.

OHIO CROP REPORT.

Wheat Has Improved Its Condition Since March 1.

Columbus, O., April 3.—The Ohio crop report for April 1st, issued by the state board of agriculture to-day, shows that wheat has improved in condition since March 1st, to the extent of two points, and the condition is now put at 85 per cent of a full average crop. In some parts of the state marked improvement is reported, while in others, the condition is much worse than a month ago.

Wheat suffered from cold and wet and the poorest condition is reported from northwestern counties. In some counties ruined wheat ground will be plowed for oats. The wheat which escaped the bad conditions of the late winter, is in a healthy, vigorous condition, and with good weather from now on is likely to show improvement in condition.

Following are the figures of the bulletin as to other crops: Barley, 80 per cent; rye, 68; wheat, of 1896, still in producers' hands, 14 per cent; corn in crib, condition, 94; remaining unhusked, 8; snow protection to wheat, four weeks; fruit prospects, compared with full average, 66 per cent.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., April 6, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	April 6.	March 30.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	123¾	123¾
U. S. 4's (new) registered	123	123¾
U. S. 5's coupons	114	114
U. S. 5's registered	114	114
U. S. 4's coupons	112¾	113
U. S. 4's registered	111	111¾
U. S. 2's registered	96½	95½
Pacific 6's of '98	103¾	103¾

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

On account of elections in Chicago and St. Louis there were no markets from those points to-day. New York had a session, but there was but little business done. Prices